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A SOUTH INDIAN MAHARAJAH.

IN 1810 A. D. Travancore providently escaped a chance of annexation to the British *Raj*, by the sudden death of its incapable and unfortunate ruler, Bala Rama Varma. In default of male heirs, the Paramount Power called a young princess of twenty to the vacant throne, as an experimental measure. Rani Lakshmi Bayi, its fair occupant, however, was no ordinary woman, and in less than a year proved herself to be gifted with rare administrative skill. But it was thought that as long as there was no male member in the royal family there could be no security for the continuity of native rule in the land. Nothing, accordingly, could give greater joy to the people than when it was announced on the 16th April, 1813 that their sovereign was most opportunely blessed with male offspring. All castes and classes of Travancoreans were jubilant over the event and thanksgiving and prayer went forth from every hearth and heart. It was this royal scion, born on the *Swati* Asterism, under such unique, and it may be added, critical circumstances, that afterwards became celebrated in Travancore History, as *Swati Tirunal* Rama Varma Maharajah.

Contemporary writers record how, immediately after this domestic occurrence, a white elephant was caught in the Travancore mountains to the intense joy of the queen and her subjects, as the colour of the animal indicated an auspicious reign to the young Raja. All the Pandits about court forthwith agreed that this little prince was the legitimate heir to the throne—an opinion in which Colonel John Munro, Dewan-resident, unhesitatingly concurred. Some casuists, however, expressed their doubts as to whether he could, without manifest impropriety, be proclaimed

before he was six months old, because he could not be carried to the presence of Sri Patmanabha, the family Deity of Travancore kings, until he had attained that age. This technical objection was overruled on further enquiry when the Brahman priests discovered that there was no real hindrance to his immediate inauguration, inasmuch as he could very well be proclaimed by the name of Rama Rajah which is a title invariably assumed by the rulers of this State, while as for the ceremonies at the temple of Patmanabha, the queen herself could perform them as the Rajah's proxy. Accordingly on the 29th July of the same year, the British troops stationed at Trivandrum were drawn out, while the whole of the Travancore military stood on their left. "A throne concealed by scarlet curtains" observes Walter Hamilton "was placed in the hall of audience, which being drawn up, the queen appeared seated on it, attended by her minister, the second Tamburatti, the children of the former Rajahs and the principal Brahmans and State officers. A proclamation notifying the accession of the young Rajah was read aloud and he was brought forward and shown to the assembled multitude, during which time the queen and every other person continued standing. The British troops presented arms and their band played "God save the King" while the music of Travancore made a considerable noise."* On that memorable occasion Her Highness Lakshmi Bayi spoke as follows:— "At the instance of my household Deity Sri Patmanabhaswami, I have placed this child of mine on the bosom of the Company and the responsibility for the future support and respectable treatment of this royal scion shall now rest with the Honorable Company. What more need I say?" It may be easily imagined how this solemn ceremony touched the heart of the great English soldier whose memory will be gratefully cherished in this State for centuries to come. Thus, as according to the laws of succession in Travancore, this prince was theoretically sovereign even while in his mother's womb, he has been known to posterity by the auspicious title, *Garbhasriman*, meaning a person, fortunate, even *en ventre sa mere*.

The noble queen gave birth to another son in 1815, but two months after this happy event, her premature death deprived Travancore of the benefits of a glorious and accomplished rule. The two young princes and their elder sister, Rukmini Rani, were now placed in the hands of their aunt, Gauri Parvati Bayi and their

* This is the way in which European writers speak of Indian music.

father Raja Raja Varma Koil Tampuran of Changanacherri, the former of whom became regent though only thirteen years of age. Those were indeed trying days for Travancore, but the good-natured queen and her sympathetic Anglo-Indian counsellor were able to administer the country as successfully as before.

Every possible attention was paid by Colonel Munro and the Rani to educate the princes as became their position. Malayalam and Sanskrit were almost the first languages taught. Kochupilla Varyar of Arippad, a well-known Sanskrit scholar and poet of the time, was appointed tutor, while the general management of the children was entrusted to their father Raja Raja Varma, himself a person of no mean literary attainments. The great Rama Varma Maharajah who died in 1799 had indeed, as Bartolomeo says, 'learned English for several months and spoke it exceedingly well' but he had no chance of studying it in his boyhood. The first rulers of the country destined to enjoy this privilege were, accordingly, the young princes Rama Varma and Marthanda Varma. A competent English tutor, in the person of Tanjore Subba Rao, was obtained for them by Colonel Munro prior to his departure for England in 1819. Along with this new language, several others including Persian, Hindustani, Arabic, Tamil, Telugu, Marathi and Canarese were added to the programme of study and separate tutors were appointed for each except Marathi which was additionally taught by Subba Rao. Even when the two princes were respectively seven and five years old, they learned much more of several of these languages than their age would permit. Eloquent testimony is borne to this fact by Major Welsh well-known as the officer second in command of the army which put down Velu Tampi Dalawa's insurrection in 1809, but even better as the talented author of "Military Reminiscences." On visiting the court of Rani Parvati Bayi along with the Resident Major McDowall, in response to the invitation of Her Highness on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Rukmini Bayi on the 25th May 1819, the Colonel observes, "There are two young Rajahs at present in the place; one the rightful heir to the throne is now seven years old and a very fine boy. The other is only three or four.........The two young Rajahs made speeches to the new Resident and the younger on this occasion seemed the most at home; amongst other questions he asked "how all the gentlemen at Madras" and sat down very contentedly on the

Major's knee; the heir apparent not appearing equally to relish his propinquity to a stranger." All through life these boyish characteristics marked the two princes from each other. The elder Maharajah was grave and of a contemplative turn of mind, while the younger was more sociable and in consequence moving more freely in European circles. Another glimpse of the progress of their education is obtained from the same author, who appears to have so much liked them at first sight that he paid a second visit to them, six years later, in 1825. "Being on a tour of inspection" he writes "during the month of May and stopping to pass a few days at the residency with Colonel Newall, I had the opportunity of witnessing the studies of the young Rajahs in private and forming an estimate of their progressive acquirements and abilities. On the morning of the 16th at 10 o'clock, I accompanied the Colonel in his gig without attendants, to the fort, where we were immediately conducted to a room in the palace and found them with their father, their sister, her husband and their schoolmaster ready to receive us. The elder boy now thirteen seemed greatly improved in mind, though rather diminutive in person. He read a chapter of Malcolm's *Central India*; the Governor-General's Persian letter on the capture of Rangoon; a passage in Sanskrit; another in Malayalam and seemed equally clever at each. He then took up a book of mathematics, selecting the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, sketched the figure on a country-slate; but what astonished me most was his telling us in English that Geometry was derived from the Sanskrit which was 'Jawmeter', to measure the earth, and that many of our mathematical terms were also derived from the same source, such as hexagon, heptagon, octagon, decagon, duo-decagon, &c. His remarks were generally apposite but their language indecent and ungrammatical. This is much to be lamented because with so many studies on hand he can never read enough of English to correct his idiom, and the master, a very clever Tanjore Brahman, could not speak it much better than himself. His Persian was pure and elegant, but of the other languages, I am too ignorant to offer an opinion. This promising boy is now, I conclude, sovereign of the finest country in India; for he was to succeed to the Masnud, the moment he had attained his sixteenth year. The younger brother gave us various specimens of his acquirements, somewhat inferior of course to those of the rising sun of the country, but still very fair." The

above excerpt shows what precious intelligence young Rama Varma possessed, especially when it is remembered that even in Europe the laws of Comparative Philology were not definitely discovered until at a later date. It, of course, goes without saying that the defect in grammar and pronunciation, noted by Welsh when His Highness was only thirteen, was gradually remedied after mature experience and contact with Anglo-Indian society.

The prince is known to have very early evinced a remarkable taste for poetry and music. As for the former, it may be said to have run almost in the family as Rama Varma the great and his brother Aswati Tirunal Maharajah were both poets of a very high standard of merit. Music, however, was young Rama Varma's *forte*. No sovereign of Travancore, or for that matter, of any part of South India either before or after his time, is believed to have excelled him either as a musician or as a composer of songs. This special turn of his genius too was discovered early and clever teachers appointed to instruct him in that line. Before the age of sixteen the royal pupil became a past-master, not only in the numerous languages of his study, but also what is even more wonderful, in the two fine arts for whose patronage in after years his name was destined to pass for a proverb in the country.

On the 21st of April 1829 A. D. the young Maharajah attained his majority and in consequence assumed direct charge of the affairs of the State from Gauri Parvati Bayi, His Highness's aunt. Travancore was then in a very flourishing condition and its finances were buoyant. Colonel Morrison, a sympathetic Anglo-Indian Officer, was British Resident and Venkata Rao, paternal uncle of Raja Sir T. Madhava Rao "an uncommonly handsome, fair and elegant Carnatic Brahman" according to Welsh, Dewan of the State. The Maharajah wished to appoint his whilom tutor to this high office and on the retirement of Venkata Rao close upon the heels of the Resident's departure, towards the end of the same year, Subba Rao became the controlling head of the administrative machinery, which resulted in the occurrence of other official changes likewise. Subba Rao wished to surpass his popular predecessor and commenced a uniformly successful public career. Mr. Sankunni Menon notes that this Dewan had "at the very outset established a reputation far superior to that of Venkata Rao," and Pachu Muttatu,

another Travancore historian, observes that during "his *regime* there was peace and plenty in the land." The Huzur Cutcherry and other public offices which had been held at Quilon, ever since 1815 were immediately removed to Trivandrum and located inside the fort, close to the south of the Maharajah's palace itself. His Highness celebrated the *Tulapurushadanam* ceremony in the very same year, and after the performance of the *Patmagarbham* rite three years later, assumed the exalted title of Kulasekharaperumal.

Notwithstanding. however, the admirable way in which public affairs were managed by the young Maharajah and his faithful minister, ex-resident Morrison had related such tales about it to Mr. S. R. Lushington, the then Governor of Madras that he lost no time in paying a visit to Travancore and satisfying himself of the capacity of its new sovereign for the duty that he had been called upon to perform. A gubernatorial visit was an unprecedented event in the history of this State and speculations were rife as to how the young ruler would acquit himself in the presence of the august representative of the Company. A humorous story is told of the scrupulously solicitous way in which His Highness's father, Raja Raja Varma called the Maharajah by his side and gave a forecast of the questions that the Governor was likely to ask him on his arrival, taking due care also to instruct him in giving suitable answers to them. The genius of the youthful auditor could hardly brook such commonplace tutoring and after the whole sermon had drawn to a close, the paternal anxiety of the Koil Tampuran was allayed by the unexpected reply "Supposing it is the intention of the Governor to put me some query altogether different to what have been predicted here, will it simply do for me to answer that I have not been taught to reply to it by my father?" The fact was that His Highness had enough of intelligence and learning to conduct himself with credit before any man in the world. Mr. Lushington, taking it as indicative of ignorance of etiquette and informing him by way of gentle admonition that the proper method of holding a European's hand was less tightly, His Highness is related to have taken him aback by the reply "whose hands am I to hold, but those of the Honorable East India Company of which your Excellency is the august representative? I have no other support on earth and am determined to hold the hands of the only one I have as firmly as I can." It need not be added that the Governor was satisfied even by this maiden

repartee of the Maharajah and became highly pleased with his independence, intelligence and affability. So highly indeed were the qualifications of Swati Tirunal for rulership appreciated by Mr. Lushington, that two years later, even the subsidiary force stationed at Quilon to watch the movements of the native Government was withdrawn and all responsibility, according to the author of the 'Princes of India,' 'left to the Rajah.' Colonel Malleson says that at this time the new order of government was regarded as firmly established. After emerging triumphant from this preliminary ordeal, the Maharajah was permitted to govern his kingdom without any more interference from the Madras Government.

The perpetual maintenance of a rigid moral discipline was the highest aim of this Maharajah. Bribery and corruption were put down with a severe hand, and however much a person might command his respect and affection, once he was found to swerve from the path of duty, he was sure to become a prey to his immediate displeasure. Even such minute matters as irregularity of attendance in Public Offices were regularly enquired into and visited with punishment. As an illustration of the strong moral ideal which the Maharajah always kept in view may be mentioned the fact that when Dewan Reddy Rao returned to Trivandrum from his northern circuit in 1845 after receiving presents from certain private gentlemen, His Highness sternly refused to give him audience and wrote to him that the disagreeable necessity of a public enquiry could only be avoided by his immediate resignation. Mr. Menon mentions that on another occasion when a Dewan Peischcar was found guilty of corruption the Maharajah at once wrote to him "As in course of time you have proved yourself to be extraordinarily avaricious like other mean persons we have dismissed you from your present office." The entire Public Service thus stood in wholesome fear of this sovereign. Even His Highness's own English and Marathi tutor Subba Rao for whom he had the highest respect was removed from office in 1837 on a suspicion of corruption and though a commission of European and Indian gentlemen after a prolonged enquiry of about two months adjudged him innocent, His Highness could not be made to reinstate him or his two accomplices, Kochusankara Pillai Peishcar and Judge Kesava Pillai, in their former places. His Highness allotted a few hours every day for public business and introduced the practice of hearing

reports directly from each department of administration. Young men of intelligence, experience and learning were entertained in the service and given ample encouragement. The historian Pachumuttatu says that in his reign the power of the monarch and the ability of the ministers as well as the wealth and prosperity of the country were conspicuously great. His Highness, according to the same author, being strongly attached to religion and truth, confided greatly in honest men and punished even the highest officers for dereliction of duty. In short, the personal share that His Highness took in the administration of his country was so uncommonly large that he has always remained a model for Indian Princes in that matter.

Subba Rao continued to be Dewan until 1837. Besides being known for his superior penmanship, this officer was in possession of a sound common sense and activity by nature, which he could turn to account, as occasion required. Until the arrival of ex-Dewan Venkata Rao to take up the vacant post, Ranga Rao his brother and Sir T. Madhava Rao's father, acted as the Dewan in a successful manner. Venkata Rao, however, soon quarrelled with Captain Douglas the Acting Resident in 1839 and retired on pension. The services of this able Dewan were, nevertheless, appreciated by the Madras Government who conferred upon him the title of 'Rai Raya Rai' as a personal distinction. After this, Subba Rao was again entrusted with the ministerial portfolio till his final resignation in 1842. General Cullen who had arrived in Travancore as British Resident in the meanwhile had brought with him an intelligent Telugu Brahman by name Krishna Rao, who held the position of Head Dewan Peishcar at the time of Subba Rao's departure. It was with a view to raise his protege to the Dewanship that Cullen brought about the resignation of Subba Rao, but the Maharajah who was intimately acquainted with every detail of these circumstances could not be made to do that unconscionable deed. Old Reddy Rao, therefore who was Dewan of Travancore from 1815 to 1822 was brought back and again appointed to the Dewanship, the head Dewan Peishcar being at the same time permitted to remain in charge of certain departments of the Huzur. Both these officers could not naturally enough pull on amicably and on a representation being made to the British Government by the Maharajah, they allowed him to act according to his own views in

the matter. Krishna Rao was accordingly dismissed from office and obliged to live at Quilon as he could not set foot in Trivandrum. As if to wreak his vengeance upon the Maharajah for this act, General Cullen brought about the expulsion of ex-Dewan Subba Rao from Travancore, a step which considerably wounded the feelings of His Highness who, as an ideal Kshatriya, had the highest respect for his quondam Brahman *Guru.* His Highness succeeded in recalling Subba Rao after a few years from Tanjore, but the estrangement of feelings which the event occasioned lasted as long as the Maharajah lived. The unpopular administration of Reddy Rao was brought to a close with the compulsory retirement of that officer in 1845 after which Srinivasa Rao the first judge of the Appeal Court was appointed Head Dewan Peishcar and placed in charge of the administration. Ex-Dewan Peishcar Krishna Rao was now living in Trivandrum at the sufference of the Maharajah and it was found that Srinivasa Rao, though an amiable man, could not cope with the financial and administrative difficulties which confronted him at every step. One morning a Harikkar was sent to summon Krishna Rao into the presence of the Maharajah. Not knowing for what fresh offence he was going to be taken to task by His Highness, Krishna Rao entered the palace trembling with fear, but what must have been his joy when, handing over the royal commission of appointment to the Dewanship, the Maharajah told him "Here Krishna Rao, accept your appointment. I forget and forgive all that is past. From this day you are my man and not General Cullen's. Go, work honestly for the advancement of my country and render every possible assistance to Srinivasa Rao." Krishna Rao is reported to have replied in faltering Telugu "Maharajah, I am the slave and waiting boy of your Highness; protect me, protect me." Krishna Rao being a man of great natural intelligence and acquainted with every detail of the administration, governed the country wisely and well.

The first work of reform effected was in the dress and discipline of the Nayar Brigade. This Brigade was but a relic of the great standing army of Travancore before 1809 and it was a sight to see the sorry way in which its affairs had been looked after till then. New accoutrements were now procured and the officers were ordered to discipline the sepoys in the European fashion. The horses and clothing of the mounted troops were improved and the

royal stables repaired, to which a menagerie also was added ere long. This was the beginning of the present well-known institution, the Trivandrum Museum and Public Gardens which, under the able management of the Rev. Mr. Pettigrew during the administration of Sir Seshaiyah Sastri, became so largely developed in extent and importance. The horse-breeding establishment at Tovalai was improved and a cowstall or *Thozhuppura* was constructed near the palace, where fine cows and bullocks were stationed from all parts of India. Munsiffs' Courts for the disposal of petty civil cases in 1822 and in the next year a Zilla Court were established in Trivandrum in lieu of the Huzur Court which caused considerable confusion consequent on the overlapping nature of the judicial and executive functions of the State. In 1835 Cundan Menon, an officer in the British service, was appointed Huzur Dewan Peishcar and he drew up a code of laws for Travancore, portions of which still continue to remain valid as Regulation 1 of M. E. 1011 (1836). This code, the first of its kind ever promulgated in Travancore, consisted of eight chapters five of which dealt with civil and the remaining three with criminal law. The Dewan became supreme Magistrate ex-officio, and the historian of Travancore notes that in the course of a few months the powers of the judicial department in the State were placed on a permanent footing. In the next year Cunden Menon completed the garden survey of Travancore which had been commenced by Subba Rao in 1831. In the same year the Maharajah abolished duty on 165 articles, on which till then either land or maritime cess had been levied. Having himself been able to appreciate the benefits of English education, His Highness had even as early as 1834 induced Mr. Roberts who was then the owner of a private school at Nagercoil to remove it to Trivandrum with a Government grant-in-aid. This became the Rajah's free school in 1836 and Mr. Roberts entered the Government service. This was followed by the opening of a few branch schools in other important towns in the State. It was this free school, which, under the management of veteran educationists in subsequent years like Mr. Ross and Dr. Harvey, laid the foundation of culture in Travancore. An observatory was opened in 1837 and Mr. Caldecott the well-known astronomer appointed to manage it. He published his observations in the Madras Journal of Literature and Science and the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal. Dr. Brown, his successor and the scientist to whose astronomical labours

Travancore owes a good slice of its present day fame in scientific circles, after observing that the Maharajah desired that this country should partake with European nations in scientific investigations, says "His Highness was celebrated throughout for his love of learning, for a cultivated mind, great poetical powers and a thorough knowledge of many languages. His Highness is well known also for his decision of character and took the whole subject at once under his special protection." A charity hospital in Trivandrum was sanctioned in the same year and placed under the supervision of the palace doctor. The Kodayar Dam and the Varkkalay Tunnel works were projects which early enough engaged the attention of this Maharajah, and Lieutenant Horseley who was put in charge of the Experimental Engineering Department then newly organised, was first invited to Travancore with a view to the accomplishment of these schemes. But as the country was then not sufficiently wealthy for embarking on such costly ventures, the ideas remained as such for future administrators of the country to mould into shape. The Irrigation Maramath Department in Nanjinad whose usefulness has been now acknowledged on all hands was also established during this reign. Again, before 1839, all important Government publications had to be printed at the C. M. S. Press at Kottayam and the Sircar did not feel the disgrace of having no printing establishment of its own. This too was remedied during this Maharajah's reign and Dewan Subba Rao had the satisfaction of issuing the first calendar of Travancore in the very same year. In 1840 certain oyster shells were found on the shores of Kadiyapatanam and Cape Comorin and the Maharajah wished to renew the pearl fishery on this coast which experts supposed must have been once largely carried on here. This too, unfortunately, remained merely as a scheme. In later years His Highness became extremely religious and spent a good portion of his time in worship and prayer, but sympathy for the people was even then known to be uppermost in his heart. In 1844 the Maharajah paid a visit to the famous shrines of South Travancore and on hearing that his subjects there, were suffering from famine and drought, commanded that all the paddy accumulated in Government storehouses might be sold at a nominal price to them. His Highness also caused a splendid car to be constructed for his use, which has ever afterwards been the royal vehicle on important State occasions.

Devotion to religion is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of all the sovereigns of Travancore, but with Swati Tirunal Maharajah it was almost the ruling passion. People really thought that he was an incarnation of Sri Patmanabha on earth and on a well-remembered occasion when a big tusker, in the course of the *Aurat* procession to the sea-shore, became suddenly mad, striking terror and panic into the bravest hearts present, the Maharajah is known to have nailed him to the ground by a simple glance. The Murajapam of 1015 M. E. (1840) was one of the grandest festivals ever celebrated in Travancore. Large sums of money from time to time, were deposited in the treasury of Sri Patmanabha's temple and His Highness is believed to have, on the whole, made an offering of thirty-four lakhs of rupees to the Deity. There is no denying the questionability of a procedure of this kind from a strictly financial standpoint, but His Highness's devotion to religion was so well known that no body had the courage to prevent him from such acts. It was he who first introduced *Kulavazhachiruppu*, or the decoration of the pillars of the rectangular walk around the inner shrine with plaintain bunches, and when on one occasion Dewan Subba Rao complained that, as usual, unripe bunches of plantain fruit could not be obtained, ordered the immediate accumulation of ripe ones in place of them,—an immensely more difficult matter. His Highness is similarly believed to have once called a superior of the State mad, the natural consequence of which was that he became such forthwith. In whatever manner we might explain these occurrences now, it goes without saying that in His Highness's reign he was spontaneously paid almost divine respect by all. He added certain buildings to the palace such as Rangavilasam and Puttan Malika and constructed the *Vilakkumatam* or rectangular line of lights around the temple of Sri Patmanabha at Trivandrum. It is in regard to his lavish religious expenditure that Thornton alludes in his Gazetteer of India, when he writes that during the latter years of the Maharajah's administration the country was allowed to deteriorate. It has been sometimes supposed and not without reason, that His Highness being a poet and owning a poet's passionate soul, was driven to seek this consolation, by the unnecessary interference of the Resident, General Cullen in the internal administration of the country. To whatever it might be attributed, His Highness' subjects loved him all the more for the

religious turn of his mind and evinced a respect and affection for him the like of which has been met with only on rare occasions in Travancore.

Even if His Highness had not been born as the ruler of a kingdom, his name would have been indelibly written on the pages of history as an accomplished poet and gifted composer of songs. His Highness has composed six excellent works in Sanskrit *viz.*, (1) Bhaktimangari (2) Syanandurapuravarnanaprabandham (3) Patmanabhasatakam (4) Ajamilopakhyanam (5) Kuchelopakhyanam and (6) Navaratnamala. The first is the longest of his works, consisting of a thousand and one verses in praise of his family Deity, Patmanabha. Many well-known Puranic episodes are described and the work is divided into ten parts or *Satakas.* The latter half is devoted to a detailed explanation of the meaning conveyed by the term *Bhakti.* It is difficult to read this grave poem and not be impressed with the high standard of morality and piety which its author breathes into every syllable of it. The metres are all long and show the time and energy which the author must have spent in producing them, for as Colman says, "if easy writing is d—d hard reading, easy reading is d—d hard writing" too. The second is a combination of prose and verse in Sanskrit, technically termed *Champu,* and is read every morning when His Highness the Maharajah visits the temple of Patmanabha. It is the most exquisite and sublime performance of this poet from a literary standpoint and for the ten difficult verses in praise of the Diety, occuring in it at the close and ending with *Tasmai deva namostu Viswaguruvê Sri Padmanabhayatê* (തസ്മൈ ദേവനമോസ്തു വിശ്വഗുരവെ ശ്രീപത്മനാഭായതെ) there are nearly as many commentaries written by the Pandits of the time which show how much of lofty thought is compressed within that small compass. The third is a garland of ten Dasakas compressing the story of Srimatbhagavata into a hundred verses, on the model of Narayana-Bhattapada's *Narayaniya.* Every line of this poem breathes a spirit of the loftiest piety. The fourth is the story of Ajamila, the voluptuous Brahman who miraculously obtained salvation by a single utterance of the name of the Lord at the moment of death and the fifth that of Kuchela who similarly became a veritable Crœsus in no time by the grace of God. Both these contain verses and songs like the Malayalam *Kathakalis.* The Navaratnamala or garland of nine gems is a string of nine devotional

songs addressed to Sri Patmanabha. The first of these works has been now printed by the munificence of the Travancore Government while the fourth and fifth were published during the reign of the brother of the author, Uttram Tirunal Martanda Varma Maharajah. The other poems have not yet been printed though the substance of the last has been given in Mr. Sankunni Menon's history. These poems are not only admired for sublimity of thought but also for the finish of diction, which they display. In Malayalam he has written the Utsavaprabandham, a poem describing the Utsava or ten days' biennial festival in the Trivandrum temple. This is also a mixture of verses and songs. It has been recently republished by Kadattanad Udaya Varma Rajah. Besides this he has composed hundreds of devotional and amorous songs in Malayalam, Sanskrit, Telugu, Canarese and Marathi which are even today sung throughout the length and breadth of the Madras Presidency. Many of the Malayalam songs were published in Uttram Tirunal Maharajah's time. They are even chaster in diction than his verses. There are many admirable passages in the Utsavaprabandham itself, especially the one ending with *Nîrajanabhan Nunam.* It is here worthy of record that all his compositions including even the amorous ones know of only one theme *viz.*, that of his family Deity Sri Patmanabha. He is even known to have positively declined to write on any other subject arguing it would be so much waste of time.

No one has encouraged literary men more at any period in Malabar than the subject of our sketech. In his court lived two of the greatest poets of Malabar *viz.*, Vidvan Koil Tampuran and Irayimman Tampi, the latter of whom was no less a composer of songs than of verses. In their company the Maharajah felt most at ease and several second-rate poets such a Kochu Pilla Varyar, Ramavaryar, Kunjikrishna Potuval and Putiyikkal Tampan were equally encouraged by him. Vidvan Koil Tampuran had the title *Vidwan* or 'the learned' conferred upon him by the Maharajah for the completion of a Sanskrit verse, the first half of which was composed by him. Like King Bhoja of old, his court was the resort of every poet and Pandit in India and even Sankarajyotsyar, one of the chief Pandits of Maharajah Ranjit Sing's Court adorned the royal *Vidvatsabha*. In addition to this, numerous songsters, boxers, medical practitioners and painters were entertained by His Highness

and received presents from him in proportion to their merits. Even a European Mr. Schoeftt received a reward of Rs. 12000 when he drew His Highness's portrait. In short there was no science or art which did not obtain its share of reward at the Maharajah's court. Besides numerous Sanskrit and Malayalam works, a Memoir of Travancore by Lieutenant Horseley and an account of the Administration of Travancore by Dewan Krishna Rao in English were produced during this reign. In July 1846, the Rev. Mr. Bailey dedicated his Malayalam and English Dictionary for which His Highness promised to defray the whole expense, in the course of which he writes that it exhibited another instance of the Maharajah's readiness to encourage and patronise liberal education and the promotion of literature among his subjects. Mr. Peet's Malayalam Grammar was also published under His Highness's auspices. "That the life of Your Highness" wrote Mr. Bailey in his dedication-letter "may be long spared and that you may be permitted to witness the beneficial results of the efforts now made to promote good and sound education in the country based on the best principles is the sincere wish of the author" and this, it may be unhesitatingly added, was the wish of the whole population of Travancore. The will of the Almighty was unfortunately otherwise, for on the 25th of December in the same year, His Highness then only in his 34th year and therefore still in the prime of youth, was fated to breathe his last. No greater misfortune could befall the country, but it might be added that the successors of Swati Tirunal Maharajah have tried their level best to maintain the dignity and lustre of the Travancore throne.

Sarah Tucker during her missionary tours in South India visited Travancore about 1849. She says in her South Indian Sketches about the Maharajah "He has established a school for native boys in which English is taught. Though a clever and intelligent man, he is still held in bondage by the Brahmans; he has even expended large sums of money to become one himself; but though he has been allowed to purchase some Brahmanical privileges he cannot be fully admitted to the caste, nor can he even eat with his own Dewan who is a Brahman." The author here evidently alludes to the *Patmagarbham* and *Tulapurushadanam* ceremonies. The Elaya Rajah, His Highness' brother, was much more sociable and consequently she says about him "He is equally

intelligent and less bigoted. He is very anxious for information, fond of reading and has gone through a course of general history with an English gentleman there.........On being one day reminded that he would incur pollution by something he was touching, he merely answered "O never mind; a little water will set it all right again." Again on seeing the way in which English ladies spent their leisure time in needlework, the Rajah observed that it might be introduced into Indian homes. But when he was asked in reply why in that case he did not himself set the example for others, he curtly answered that Indian women were too stupid to learn. If strict adherence to the observance of one's religious rites be misnamed bigotry, the Maharajah was a bigot every inch of him. No doubt, if possible, he paid his visit to the British Resident only before 8 o'clock in the morning, both as he openly said to avoid the heat of the day and what might perhaps have been of greater concern to him, to avoid the touch of castes and tribes other than Brahmans and Kshatriyas. The times were responsible and not he for such orthodoxy. The rule extended even to the female members of the royal household. When according to this talented author of the *South Indian Sketches*, an English lady visited the consort of the Rajah of Travancore 'she had to do so at eight in the morning as Her Highness could not touch food till she had bathed and purified herself after the visit of a European." Dr. Spencer again in his *Visitation to Travancore* notes that the Raja was "of a very pleasing countenance and his manners striking, simple and gentlemanlike. He speaks English with perfect fluency, is an accomplished Persian and Arabic scholar and is in other respects unusually well informed, having had the advantage of a much better education than commonly falls to the lot of Indian Princes." It is not necessary to quote more opinions here. His Highness paid due respect to Englishmen and loved English supremacy in India. When General Cullen arrived as Resident in Travancore the Maharajah directed Dewan Subba Rao to mention with his best compliments that he was happy to learn of his arrival and hoped soon to have the pleasure of seeing him at Trivandrum and when information was conveyed to him about the victory of the East India Company's troops over China, His Highness wrote that "as a sincere friend and faithful ally of the British Government he learnt with unfeigned gratification of the happy termination in their favour" of the war. It was such a ruler who

in his last days would not bear to hear the name of the Resident or would only after great remonstrance deign to see Lord Hay, the son of the Madras Governor on his arrival in Trivandrum. The reason for this strange alteration in His Highness's temperament has been noted before. Taken all in all, Swati Tirunal Rama Varma Maharajah was one of the greatest sovereigns who have adorned the illustrious and time-honoured throne of Travancore, great in letters and statesmanlike qualities, kind to his people, impartial to all and maintaining honesty and justice with single-minded devotion. There are old men who still remember with reverence the mighty gait and majestic mien of the great Maharajah whose loss to the country, even to-day, long after three score years and ten, they cannot forbear to deplore. A native historian writes of him that though he was fated to live only for thirty-four years he has done more things on earth than it would be possible for three generations to do. This, I may add conscientiously before concluding, is only the whole and nothing but the truth.

S. PARAMESWARA AIYAR.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

THE work that I desire to call attention to under the above heading, is not one of the "latest" novels, hot from the press, with the leaves uncut; not one of that countless multitude of printed volumes that daily pour out in thousands from the printing offices, too often like molten lava from a crater, hardening into a crust, and destroying the freshness and vitality of the mental soil underneath it. But it is a book that was published,—piecemeal and piratically almost,—as early as 1837. Nevertheless, it is one that I have read, and re-read, and read again; a book that I have learned to cherish as one of my precious possessions, both for the excellence of its philosophy of life, and for the unfailing and gentle humour that pervades it; nay, very often, for the very apparent perverseness of it. I have read the opinion of a competent critic about it that if he were given to choose six books from the English Literature of the nineteenth century, this would be one of them. I must not longer keep the reader in suspense about the name of the book; I mean Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

"Sartor Resartus," or The Tailor—Patched, professes to be only an English edition, by the present author, of the life and opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. "This questionable little book," as the author says in his preface to the edition of 1868, "was undoubtedly written in the mountain solitudes in 1831; but owing to impediments both natural and accidental, could not for seven years more appear as a volume in England;—and had at last to clip itself into pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous magazine that offered." It will be interesting, by way of comment on the literary criticism of the day, to quote a few abstracts from the various opinions pronounced on "Sartor Resartus." Highest class "taster" gives his verdict thus: "The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively." The critic of the "Sun" says, "S. Resartus is what old Dennis used to call, 'a heap of clotted nonsense,' mixed here and there, however, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour.........We quote by way of curiosity a sentence* from the

* "The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels his own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic fire-baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated."

Sartor Resartus which may be read either backwards or forwards; for it is equally intelligible either way; indeed, by beginning at the tail and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning." The "North American Review," while not so slashing as the "Sun" says of its style that it is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and, at times, a singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. It is to be laid to the credit of the new England editors that it was they who first priced the book at its real worth and published it in book form. They said, "the Editors have no expectation that this little work will meet with a sudden and general popularity..............But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart........... The author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genuis, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense that never fails him."

These few extracts will shew what a struggle the book had at first to find appreciative readers, nay even a publisher willing to take the risk of it: while ephemeral three volume-novels were selling galore at a guinea a piece! Such is the irony of literary fate!

Without taxing the patience of the reader further with critical preambles, I shall proceed to make a brief survey of the book itself. The work is divided into three sections or 'Books,'—the first consisting of eleven chapters, gives us a few elementary observations on some of the simpler truths of the 'Philosophy of Clothes;'—a sort of introduction to the more advanced part of the treatise,—while the Editor is waiting for the promised biographical memoirs of the Professor. The second book,—to me by far the most interesting and instructive,—deals with the 'genesis' or origin of Teufelsdröckh, his early life and nurture, his schooling and University experiences, his falling in love and rejection, his sorrows and disappointments, leading him first to the negative pole of unbelief, dejection, despair, on through the centre of Indifference, to the positive pole of Belief and Triumph. The third book professes to go more deeply into the clothes volume, and begins with "an

Incident in Modern History." A list of the chapter headings in this section will suffice to shew what apparently unconnected,—and one might almost think, what preposterous—things the author is dealing with; and will explain to some extent why the book found so much difficulty to get a publisher, and met with such encomiums as 'a heap of clotted nonsense.' Here is a list of them: Church Clothes, Symbols, Helotage, the Phœnix, Old Clothes, Organic Filaments, Natural Supernaturalism, the Dandiacal Body &c. One is led to exclaim, 'what on earth have these things got to do with the Philosophy of Clothes?' and is reminded of Washington Irving's famous derivation of '*Mango*' from '*Jeremiah King*.' *Jeremiah King, Jerry Kink; Jerkin, cucumber mango.* Within the small limits of space at my command, it will not be possible to give any clear idea of the philosophy of clothes, as our author has unfolded it, 'in all its dim, infinitely expanded regions, close bordering on the inane':—of clothes in their descriptive-historical, and speculative-philosophical aspects, of their origin and successive improvements, and their influences. I shall content myself with pointing out a few of the various lights from which our author views the subject of clothes, and the thoughts that are suggested by them. If in so doing I shall have succeeded in arousing in those of the readers who have not studied it, a desire to know more of the philosophy of clothes direct from the book, I shall have gained my end.

The author begins by expressing wonder that 'although the Torch of Science has been brandished and borne aloft these five thousand years so that not the smallest cranny or dog-hole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—so that man's whole life and environment, every fragment and fibre of his Body, Soul and Possessions have been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed; yet the grand Tissue, of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, *i. e.*, the vestural tissue of woollen or other cloth, which Man's Soul wears as its outermost wrappage and overall, should have been entirely neglected! Herein also, as in many other things, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid with the publication of a Book by Prof: Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, on "Clothes, their origin and influence." Mindful of old acquaintance, the author sends a copy to our present editor; on reading which, he (the editor) is struck with its deep significance, and is infected with a strong desire to proselytise, *i. e.*, to make the truths contained therein

known to the British public, but is met by the difficulty of making the philosophy of clothes intelligible without giving to know something of the personality of the philosopher. While in this dilemma a letter comes from Hofrath Heuschrecke promising materials for a biography, should he feel disposed thereto. This hastens and brings about the crystallisation of his super-saturated idea, and the present volume is the result. Thus the author gives an air of verisimilitude to his supposed editorship, and at the same time justifies the fragmentary and too slightly connected character of many of the thoughts contained under each chapter, by representing them as selections from a confused man of stray leaflets thrown helter-skelter in the six paper-bags that ultimately arrive from Herr Hofrath.

Skipping the next chapter on "Reminiscences," the succeeding chapter is interesting, for in it the author, as a pseudocritic, pronounces an opinion on his own work. He says, "we admit the book has in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effected of any book.........Prof. Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour are here made indisputably manifest, and, unhappily, no less his prolixity, tortuosity and manifold ineptitude...........a paramount popularity in England we cannnot promise him. He speaks out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing room any temple, where it never so begilt and overhung &c." Of his style he remarks, "occasionally we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis,.........all the graces and terrors of a wild imagination wedded to the clearest intellect alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages, circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon so often intervene!.........of his sentences not more than nine-tenths stand upright on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up with props (of parentheses and dashes), and even with this or the other tagrag hanging from them: a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered."

The above is a very correct criticism of Carlyle's style, albeit expressed in this facetious form.

The next chapter deals with "The World in Clothes." Out of several philosophical reflections interspersed in it, we will content ourselves with this one: "Clothes, too, which began in foolishest love of ornament what have they not become? Shame, divine shame, as yet a stranger to the Authropophagus bosom, arose mysteriously under clothes:—a mysterious grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man, clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity. Clothes have made men of us, they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us,"

Chapter VII, is miscellaneous.—Historical, in which the Professor deals with the historical development of clothes in the middle ages; with bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes &c., nor does he omit reference to Sir Walter Raleigh's mantle, nor that luckless bran-stuffed courtier who sat on a chair with a projecting nail on it, and when he rose to pay his *devoir* to Majesty, 'instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust.'

The next chapter looks into "The World out of Clothes" in which Herr Teufelsdröckh undertakes to prove the grand proposition that man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by clothes': or, in other words, that 'society is founded upon cloth.' We cannot here follow the author in his argument, or the many deep questions into which it leads him; but the conclusion he arrives at is worthy of record, though one for which we shall scarce thank him; namely—"that man is indeed, and was always, a blockhead and a dullard; much readier to feel and digest than to think and consider..,..............." In the next chapter (on Adamitism) he clenches his argument that society is founded upon cloth by a vision which is maliciously humorous:—"Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Royal Drawing Rooms, Levees, Couchees...........how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A. by General B,...........on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Anointed Presence itself, Every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them, and I know not whether to laugh or weep."

The author, in the succeeding chapter on "Pure Reason" gives expression to some beautiful thoughts. We can quote only a few of them. 'Wonder' says he, 'is the basis of Worship; the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in man; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium*............" I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like cookery, with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wide-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time.................."The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole "*Mecanique Celeste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories in his single head,—is but a pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye."..................Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand lamp of what I call Attorney-logic; and "explain" all, "account for" all or believe nothing of it?;.................Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is over, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou art a Dilettante and sand-blind Pedant."

The author here pauses to take a prospective and retrospective view; and, I trust, to the readers of this paper also, some of the scope and purpose of this singular book must have by this time become apparent. To him, 'all things visible are emblems; clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic,' not of want only; but of a manifold cunning victory over want'............Language is the garment of Thought. It is written, the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a vesture.........which indeed they are, the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensible exists, whatsoever represents spirit to spirit, is properly a 'clothing'; Thus, in this one pregnant subject of clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamt of, done and been; the whole External Universe and what it holds, is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes!

It is at this time that those six paper-bags containing nebulous biographic matter reaches the Editor; and so the next book begins with the biography of Teufelsdröckh. Teufelsdröckh is somewhat like Melchizedek, without father or mother,—or, at any rate, without known parentage. As to his debut into this world, I must refer the reader to the circumstantial account of how one mellow evening, a noble-looking stranger entered the cottage of Andreas Futteral, and deposited a green-silk-covered basket, within which lay slumbering a rose-coloured infant, who was to develop into the Philosopher of "Wissenchaft." The next chapter is devoted to the childhood of our Professor, and the many idyllic features of it. We cannot pause to describe his childish games, his annual harvest-homes, and other letters of the alphabet, wherewith he was in after days to syllable out and partly read the Grand Volume of the World. We will content ourselves with glancing at this one feature of his domestic discipline, and his reflections thereon: "I was forbid much; wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce; everywhere a straight bond of obedience inflexibly held me down." On which he makes the following reflection: "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break. Too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that *would* in this world of ours is as mere zero to *should*, and, for the most part, as the smallest of fractions even to *shall*."

Then comes the chapter on Pedagogy in which the author, with indignant eloquence, deals vigorous thrusts at the corrupt and effete educational system of his day; some of which charges stand true to our own times. "My teachers were hide-bound Pedants" says he "without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead vocables they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nurnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of Mind which grows, not like a vegetable (by hairing its roots littered with etymological compost) but, like a Spirit, by mysterious contact with Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How can *he* give kindling in whose own inward man there is no fire, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? ………Alas, so it is everywhere, so it will ever be; till the Hodman is

discharged, or reduced to hod bearing; and an architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged; till nations and individuals discover that fashioning the souls of a generation in knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder; that with Generals and Field Marshals for killing, there should be world-honoured dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained priests for teaching." The whole chapter is full of satire, indignation, and fiery eloquence,—but I must have regard to the space available here.

In the next chapter, we have the young Teufelsdröckh "getting under way";—his own sense of power and capability to do battle with the Empire of Darkness, his high aspirations and ambitions, contrasted with the world's opinion of him as an unpractical man of genius; his constant fight with hunger and destitution from without, and 'a certain temporary, youthful yet still afflictive derangement of the head' from within. With reference to this last malady, he recommends the following prescription: "It will be a real increase of real happiness could all young men, from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerge, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five." A most effective remedy this, though a shade impracticable!

We now come upon the Romance of Teufelsdröckh, where the ardent, though silent, young Forlorn falls in love. It is very interesting to trace the psychological analysis of the upgrowth of the tender passion, and its tumultuous raging in the breast of the penniless philosopher. (By the way, Carlyle's "Blumine" (the Flower-Goddess) was one Kitty Kirkpatrick, the beautiful, fair-haired daughter of Major Kirkpatrick, Resident at Hyderabad, who was wooed and won for a husband by a certain Begum at the Nizam's Court. Needless to say that this romance terminated unfortunately for our young Professor,—the maiden preferring "the Gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool" to the shadowy prospects of impecunious genius. Here begin the sorrows of Teufelsdröckh. But instead of choosing any one of apparently the only three alternatives possible, *i. e.*, establishing himself in Bedlam, writing Satanic poetry, or blowing out his brains,—he lifts up his pilgrim staff and begins 'a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous globe.' Here we see manifested the excellent

passivity of Diogenes. "To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic school spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative, yet no slight virtue. As Teufelsdröckh stands on a mountain-top viewing the glorious sunset scene, a barouche and four passes by, and whom should he see in it but Herr Towgood his college chum and—Blumine! After this crushing blow to any lingering hopes of his young heart, 'a nameless unrest' says he, urged me forward; my loadstar was blotted out; in that canopy of grim fire shone no star.' We shall not follow Teufelsdröckh in his globe-trotting, 'flying with hunger always parallel to him, and a whole Infernal chase in his rear, like the wandering Jew of old.

Then succeeds a series of three chapters which to me have been the most interesting and instructive of the whole book. Often and often have some of the truths of human life proclaimed therein, proved themselves a source of help and strength to me when confronted with the mystery of life's problems. I would earnestly recommend the reader to ponder over these chapters carefully. They are entitled "The Everlasting No," The "Centre of Indifference," and "the Everlasting Yea;" or, in other words, the passage from the negative pole of doubt, strife and self-distrust, through the Centre of Indifference to the positive pole of triumph over the petty ills and worries of Life, in the attainment of calmness and victory over self.

"Such transitions," says he "are ever full of pain; thus, the eagle when he moults, is sickly; and to attain his new beak, must harshly dash off his one upon rocks." "Man is based upon hope';—and poor Teufelsdröckh was shut out of hope in a far deeper sense than mere worldly disappointments. It was a spiritual trouble. Doubt had hardened into unbelief; "shade sfter shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless Tartarean black., And yet, even in this darkest period, he says, he nevertheless still loved Truth. "Truth! I cried, though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, tho' a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostacy!" "Alas! the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself............The speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me.........To me the universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility; it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, to grind me limb from limb.'"

"Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the French Capital, I was toiling along, when all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, "what *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death, and the pangs of Tophet too,............Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer, whatever it be; and as a child of Freedom, trample Tophet itself under thy feet?.........And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my soul'; and I shook base Fear from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god! Thus has the "Everlasting No" pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of his being; from this hour he dates his 'Baphometic Fire-Baptism' or 'Spiritual New-birth.'

The Professor hastens to tell us that though he had sounded forth the Everlasting No, it does not signify that his unrest ceased; far from it. But yet, there was this difference: now there was 'a certain incipient method in his madness'...........In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to eat his own heart; and clutches round him outwardly on the Not-me for wholesomer food.' In this frame of mind he is able to look away from his own sorrows, on the many-coloured world. Interesting are his reflections on various subjects; but we are more concerned in the progress of his inner man. 'Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor': and with him Teufelsdröckh has now long been a patient, and swallowed many a bitter bolus.' 'Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly see through it and despise it.' Which highest mortal, asks he, on this inane world, had I not found a shadow-hunter, or shadow-hunted?.........Ach Gott! when I gazed into those stars, have they not looked down on me with pity from their serene spaces—like eyes glistering with tears over the little lot of man? This was the Centre of Indifference that Teufelsdröckh had reached in his passage from 'No' to 'Yea.'

We next turn to the last stage of spiritual growth—the 'Everlasting Yea' "Temptations in the wilderness! exclaims Teufelsdröckh, "have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed.........For the God-given mandate, '*Work thou in well-doing*' lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic characters, in our heart;.........

and as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled* at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must there not be confusion and contest before the better can become the upper ?...........Name it as we choose : with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptations are we all called. Unhappy if we are not ! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that Divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights ;.........Our Wilderness is the wide world in an Atheistic Century ; our forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting ; nevertheless, to these also comes an end.

Thus for Teufelsdröckh there has been a glorious revolution. ", The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself out ; its howl was silent within me ; and the long-deafened soul could now hear ".........The first preliminary moral act, annihilation of self, had been happily accomplished ; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved. To his unfettered mind the grand selemn truth began to reveal itself : "The universe is not dead and demoniacal,......... but Godlike, and My Father's !" With other eyes too could I now look upon my fellow-man ; with an infinite love, an infinite pity" "Oh, my brother, my brother," he cries, "Why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom and wipe away all tears from thine eyes !

Continuing his discovery of the deep truths of Life, he says, "so true it is that the Fraction of Life is increased in value, not so much by increasing your numerator as by lessening your denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, Unity itself divided by zero will give Infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then : thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write "It is only with Renunciation that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." He goes on to say that mankind is fretting and fuming and tormenting itself, because it is not *Happy* ; and that it will never attain to it till it realises that there is in man a Higher than Happiness, *i. e.* Blessedness............"The Self in Thee needs to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is life rooting out the deep-seated chronic disease, and triumphs over Death. Love not pleasure ; Love God ; This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved ; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

I have quoted largely from this chapter because to me it has always seemed the heart of the book—full of the most precious nuggets of gold. There are yet many more beautiful thoughts in it which I cannot find room for; but I must request the reader to be patient with me if I make one last quotation from the chapter ere I close. "May we not say that the hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this;—When you discover that your ideal world, in which you have been inexpressibly longing to work is none other than your actual? The situation that has not its duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here, or nowhere, is thy Ideal! work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free!.........Be no longer a Chaos, but a world, or even a worldkin. Produce, produce! were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! Up, up, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Work while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work." This is a whole sermon in brief,—pregnant with weighty truths,—a sermon without verbosity and platitudes.

The remaining portion of the work,—Book III—interesting as it undoubtedly is, must be left to the curiosity and eagerness of the reader to acquaint himself with. I had intended to deal with it only briefly, but I fear I have already taxed the patience of the reader heavily. If this imperfect presentation of my favourite author and his most characteristic work will lead the reader to study the work in the original, I have no doubt both he and I shall be amply rewarded for the labour spent.

K. K. BERNARD.

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OCHIRAKKALI.

AMONG the annual festivals of national importance in Travancore are *Mandakandkudai* in the south, *Ochirakkali* in the middle, and *Shertala Puram* in the north. What the Olympian games were to the ancient Greeks, the fierce gladiatorial contests to the Romans, that some of these institutions are to the people of Travancore. But these nearest Western parallels cannot sufficiently bring home to us the superstitious veneration attached to Eastern national games and festivals. In a country where religion has been built into the commonest incidents of life, be it even the sinking of a well or the putting up of a cow-shed, it is no wonder that national festivals have a veneer of religious mysticism.

The origin and early history of Ochirakkali and other similar games are lost in complete obscurity. Who instituted them and when they were introduced are questions yet to be set at rest. The accounts of the formation of these games are transmitted to later ages by mere oral tradition, and it is difficult to decide whether fact or fiction has contributed more to them. In an age in which the spirit of research and investigation has asserted itself in every department of human thought, an inquiry into ancient Indian institutions, religious, social and political, must be of unquestionable interest to the student of history. We shall try as best we can to separate the nucleus of truth from the accretions of time and circumstances. A study of Ochirakkali reveals to us some phases of Travancore life and history and not infrequently in a more vivid manner than written records have done.

Ochirakkali is an annual festival celebrated in the small village of Ochira, in middle Travancore. The place is about fifteen miles to the north of Quilon, the West Coast terminus of the South Indian Railway. The village has its own historic associations as perhaps almost any other place in this 'martial amphitheatre.' Among places of importance in its neighbourhood might be mentioned Krishnapuram, the seat of the Kayankulam Rajah and Patanayarkulangara, a battle-field. A Nayar army, it is recorded, was once encamped there. Interesting ruins of old-fashioned forts and fortresses are to be found to this day in some of these places. All this tends to prove the warlike

spirit of the military class of Malabar, *par excellence*, the Nayars who have been not inaptly described as "Rajputs in the rough." The chief item of the *kali* or game, now, in this peaceful age, consists of a sham fight between two rival factions, conducted on a small plain, for the possession of that piece of land said to have been consecrated by the visits of gods and the death of popular heroes. It is an yearly revival of an actual fight which took place several centuries ago. Only Nayars could take part in it; of course, it is not open to women. It is now conducted on the first and the second days of Mithunam or Auny (June-July). For seven days beginning with the first, it is popularly believed that there will be incessant rain. On the first day the fight is conducted from 8 A. M. to 11 A. M. and on the second from 12 to 3 P. M. The appearance of a kite hovering in the air summons the players to arms. But in these 'degenerate days,' no such divine approval is shown. Each player is well dressed in the native fashion and armed with the apology of a sword and a shield. The combatants do not fight in pairs, but in sets. The parties advance towards each other; they perform a number of movements, forwards and backwards, commencing with a single individual on each side, and gradually the number embraces the whole fighting array on either side. The movements are first slow, but they become quick and quicker. These resemble the movements of assault and retreat in a regular warfare. The kite appears again and this time it is the signal for the tournament to stop. The same programme is repeated on the second day. Stones were thrown from slings to the detriment of public peace. More often than not, until the time of that most distinguished pioneer of the modern Dewans of Travancore, Rajah Sir T. Madhava Rao, the sham fight developed into one in earnest, resulting occasionally in the punching of heads, breaking of bones and other 'casualties' incident to regular warfare. At these yearly games, parties took occasion to wreak their vengeance on their personal enemies. That astute and far-sighted Dewan condemned such violence on pain of severe punishment and since then the fight has assumed a rather peaceful aspect.

The games are attended by an immense throng from all the neighbouring country. To the east of the play-ground stands a roofless enclosure of wooden framework set with hundreds of primitive brass or iron lamps. These are lighted on the two festive

days. It might rain cats and dogs; the heavens might thunder; the wind might blow a hurricane and tear down the neighbouring trees; but not a single lamp would go out on these days! at any rate, that is what credulous old folk would make us believe. This, they hold, is an infallible proof of the sanctity of the Bhagavati, the presiding Deity of the neighbouring temple. It is worthy of note that no image is enshrined in that room-like wooden framework. On a raised floor in it are placed a conch-shell, the horns of a deer and a drawn sword. The offerings to the Deity consist of heaps of *pori*, (fried paddy) bunches of plantain fruits and pieces of burning camphor. This is perhaps the only instance of a place of worship among the Hindus on the West Coast where veneration is paid to no image. Among the worshippers might be found all sorts and conditions of men, from the Brahmin to the Panchama. Several sets of native musicians assemble and wait for custom in the neighbourhood. By way of propitiating the Deity, any votary might order a party of them, for a trifle, to play a course of music to the accompaniment of the drum. If you be an ardent *Chakta* you pay some one for a 'holy roll' round the sacred enclosure. *Pandarams* or professional *Chaktas* could be hired for half-an-anna to lay by religious merit on your behalf. Religious fervour makes up for all the inconveniences caused by the gnawing winds and the beating rains which are characteristic of the season of the year on the Malabar Coast in which the festival is celebrated. Farmers and tradesmen of the neighbourhood take advantage of this occasion to hold an annual fair on an entensive scale.

We shall now enquire into the origin of this interesting festival. We have learnt from a reliable source that an actual fight took place on the plains of Ochira at an unknown date between the Rajahs of Quilon and Kayenkulam (two principalities which have since been absorbed into the native State of Travancore) in which the latter was vanquished. To perpetuate his hard-won victory over his adversary, the Quilon Rajah instituted this annual festival. But tradition has a different tale to tell, and let us listen to her version of the story.

At some undatable period, there lived not far from Ochira, a Namburi Brahmin. He was reputed to have been a very pious and learned devotee of Siva. It was his custom to rise from his bed daily at 3 A. M., bathe in the adjacent stream and sit *en rapport* with

his favourite Deity till dawn. An old and faithful servant named Kumaran used to accompany his master as his torch-bearer when he went to the river to perform his morning ablutions. On one of these occasions there was a heavy downpour of rain and Kumaran was still asleep, forgetful of his torch-bearing cares in the early morning. When roused by the master, Kumaran reverentially advised the Numburi to sleep soundly till daybreak, lest the cold bath in the chill weather should bring on fever or affect his health otherwise. The Namburi could not help bursting out laughing. He had bathed in cold water, all his life, at all hours, and in all seasons, and had never been the worse for it in any conceivable degree. "I am a Brahmin and I must be up at 3 A. M. and finish my morning prayers before dawn and I have done so ever since I began to wear this sacred thread. Light the torch and go in advance of me." Kumaran could not but obey, and obey he did. There was something in the Namburi's words which roused him and set his cerebral machinery in motion, He fell to musing, and being struck with his master's unerring punctuality in his early bath and prayers, he now made bold to ask his master some plain questions. "What is prayer and what do you pray for?" "Prayer is the uttering of *mantrams* a certain number of times for the realisation of worldly ends as well as for the salvation of the soul. We pray to God so that we may be released from the thraldom of this world." "What is God and what is He like and what can He do if we pray to Him?" The Namburi was bewildered at the stupidity of his servant and to stop his further questions, the venerable Brahman said that God would be like a buffalo, and by praying to Him a man could get what he wished."

The servant was possessed ever after with the one idea of the buffalo which his master had told him was the form of God. He bathed and prayed daily with as much regularity and steadiness as his Brahmin master, meditating God in the form of a Big Buffalo. His faith in his master's directions was marvellous, and he believed with all the strength of his soul that God would satisfy all his wants. For one and forty days he continued his prayers. Could prayers go in vain? A buffalo appeared before him and he cherished it with all the care he could bestow on it.

Not long after, the Namburi had to go to Trivandrum on business. He ordered Kumaran to pack up his 'luggage' for the

journey. The servant loaded his god with the baggage and walked behind the Namburi at the distance of a few yards. They reached Ochira where they had to cross a stile. The Namburi crossed the stile without difficulty; his servant lingered behind in leading his buffalo through. The master turned back and lo! the servant was struggling in the stile. What was he about? Kumaran humbly said "I cannot bring my buffalo over the stile." To the Numburi no buffalo was visible. "Evidently poor Kumaran is mad," thought the Namburi within himself." "Are you dreaming? Be d—d with your buffalo" said the Brahmin in a rage. "My lord, you have forgotten what you told me the other day. You said God is like a buffalo. I prayed like you for forty-one days, and this buffalo appeared to me. It has never left me since and it follows me wherever I go. It sits when I sit, sleeps, when I sleep, and walks behind me when I walk behind you." The master could not still understand what it all meant. The buffalo was nowhere. The servant asked him to look attentively. He stared and stared till his eyes ached, but nothing was to be seen. Kumaran asked his master to take his hand and then look. The Numburi did accordingly. What should he see? To his utter amazement he saw not the buffalo, but the Almighty God in the full glory of His divine form and splendour with the Numburi's baggage on his head. But the vision was only for an instant, and before he could fall on his face and worship the Divine manifestation, the scene had vanished—God, buffalo and all. The joy of the Numburi could well be imagined; he could scarcely suppress his emotions but in time he controlled them sufficiently to thank his servant in all gratitude.

All this took place, as tradition would have it, at a spot now known as *Althara* in the Ochira village. From that moment the place has been regarded as sacred. On account of this incident and the sacredness claimed for the spot, the ownership of the locality was long the subject of dispute between two adjacent villages. The rival claimants could not come to any agreement, and recourse was had to a trial of strength. Fierce and bloody was the fight that ensued between them which lasted for two days. It was settled by God Himself, appearing in a vision to the leaders on both sides, prohibiting the continuance of the fight, and commanding that they should meet as friends on the disputed border and worship Him in memory of His manifestation on the spot. In order to keep up the

non-relinquishment of the ownership of the locality by either side, the festival now takes place as a sham imitation of that real fray.

Such, in brief, is the traditionary account of the origin and nature of an ancient festival in Travancore which draws spectators from the farthest limits of Malabar. It would be time now, perhaps, to throw out a suggestion which may be taken for what it is worth. It may be that the people of this conservative land follow blindly old observances without inquiring into the *raison d' etre* of things, solely on the ground of their being followed from time immemorial. But modern enlightenment might be brought to bear on these relics of a primitive civilisation, or rather, barbarism and modern improvements might be engrafted on them. In these days of tall talk on *Swedesism*, Indian economic improvements and industrial advancement, the celebration of the Ochira games and similar festivals might be made the means of promoting agricultural and industrial activity. Already local booksellers, sweetmeat vendors, confectioners and brass and copper vessel manufacturers have availed themselves of the opportunity. At the recent celebration of the games, a cattle show was arranaged as an experimental measure by some patriotic gentlemen; and with the hearty co-operation of the paternal Government of H. H. The Maha Rajah this was very successfully and satisfactorily conducted. To this might well be added industrial as well as agricultural exhibitions.

T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI.

ESSENTIALS OF BUDDHISM

XV.—SUMMUM BONUM.

Nirvana.

Anitya, *anatman* and *nirvana* have been rightly called the three corner stones of the Dharma. They form the three cardinal principles of Buddhism. Any system of thought which accepts these three fundamental tenets may properly claim identity with Buddhism, whatever may be the adventitious beliefs and practices which hide them. But no system of thought that does not recognise these three principles can lay any claim to kinship with the Dharma.

What is the meaning of these three cardinal principles? *Anitya* means impermanence. It signifies that all things are in a perpetual flux. All things lived through, all *erlebnisse*, are transient and impermanent. Nothing is permanent in the universe but change. Mutability is the very characteristic of all existence. Only non-existence, *sunyata*, can claim to be immutable. Whatsoever exists is really made up of colours, sounds, temperatures, pressures, spaces, times, ideas, emotions, volitions and so forth, connected with one another in manifold ways. And these are continually changing. Everything is therefore momentary (*kshanika*). Some things may be relatively more permanent than others but nothing is absolutely permanent. It is the mistaking of what is impermanent for something permanent that makes *anitya* the source of sorrow (*dukkha*).

What is *anitya* is not necessarily *mithya* or illusory as some have supposed. That which is momentary might prove deceptive, and thus become a source of sorrow when it is mistaken for something *nitya* or permanent, for no deliverance of consciousness is in itself complete. The fragmentary character of a single deliverance of consciousness will naturally mislead, if it is not controlled and rectified by other deliverances of consciousness. When the traveller in the desert sees before him a large expanse of water which continually recedes and finally disappears, proving to be the effect of mirage, the deliverance of consciousness is not deceptive. The characters that suggest the sheet of water are really present, but the deception arises from the failure to take into account all the facts. Similarly, when a man mistakes a rope for a snake, it is not the deliverance of consciousness that is at fault. The characters that suggest the snake are really present in the rope, but the failure

to interrogate consciousness exhaustively gives rise to the deception. Were all experience deceptive, how could we know it to be deceptive? The fact that we are able to distinguish between deception and truth shows that all experience is not illusory. Nor can dreams cast doubt on the experiences in the waking state. The difference of conditions in the two states is so evident that the ordinary man finds no reason for confounding the one with the other. Even the Vedantin, who would reduce everything to mere illusion (*maya*), regards the creations of the dreaming state to be refuted by the waking state.*

The logical consequence of the *anitya* doctrine is the principle of *anatman*. This principle lays down that nowhere in the universe, neither in the macrocosm nor in the microcosm, there is an unconditioned, absolute, transcendent entity or substratum. What we know consists of a continuous flux of colours, sounds, spaces, pressures, ideas, volitions, emotions associated with one another in manifold ways. Out of this fleeting complex texture rises into prominence that which is relatively more fixed and permanent and impresses itself on the memory, and finds expression in language. Certain of these complexes of relatively greater permanency are called bodies, and special names are given to them. Hence colours, sounds, tastes, smells, temperatures, pressures, spaces, &c. are not sensations produced by bodies, but complexes of these sensations make up bodies. Sensations are not signs of things, but on the contrary a thing is a mental symbol (*samjna*) of a relatively fixed complex of sensations. Such complexes are not, however, absolutely permanent. Behind and beyond the elements of experience, such as colours, sounds, &c., which for want of a better word we call sensations, there is no *prakriti, pradhana* or thing-in-itself (*ding an sich*). Still this does not imply that things are illusory or unreal. They are at least as real as the minds that perceive them.

Among the many comparatively permanent complexes we find a complex of memories, volitions, emotions, ideas, aspirations linked to a particular body (the human body), which is called the ego or I. But even the ego is only relatively permanent. The apparent permanence of the ego consists in the slowness of the changes in the elements or the *skandhas* which constitute the I. The mere fact that there is a consciousness of identity does not, as has already

* Thibaut's Vedanta Sutras, Vol. II, pp. 135—137.

been shown, prove the existence of an *atman*, which has sensations, ideas, or aspirations. I have the sensation sweet means that the element sweet occurs in a given group of other elements, such as sensations, memories, ideas (*rupa*, *vedana*, *vijnana*). When I cease to have that sensation, that is to say, when I die, then the groups, the *skandhas*, are dissolved, the elements no longer occur in their ordinary accustomed grouping or association. That is all. What has really ceased to exist is a unity mentally constructed for economical and practical purposes (*vyavaharika*), and not a transcendental (*paramarthika*) unity. The ego is not a mysterious unchangeable, sharply defined unity. Each individual knows what changes the ego is undergoing. Knowing this mutability of the ego each individual is striving to alter its attributes. The most important attribute of the ego is its continuity. For it is this continuity, which, though it gives rise to the illusory idea of identity, serves as a means of predisposing and conserving the content of the ego. What is of importance is this content, and not the I.

The unity of consciousness cannot be explained by the numerical unity of an underlying *atman*. As Hermann Lotze says in his *Metaphysic*, the attempt to explain the unity of consciousness by the numerical unity of an underlying substance is a process of reasoning which not only fails to reach an admissible aim, but also has no aim at all. The ego is simply a group of elements, such as ideas, emotions, volitions, memories, &c., more strongly connected with one another among themselves and less strongly knitted to the elements of other groups of the same kind (*i. e.* other individuals). But if we regard the ego as a numerical unity, which has volitions, sensations, ideas, &c., we have only succumbed to the primitive habit of treating an unanalysed complex as an indivisible unity, like the Fiji islander who ascribes a soul to a cocoanut. So long as we regard the ego as a mysterious entity behind the elements (the *skandhas*) which alone are accessible, we must necessarily involve ourselves in a dilemma. Either one must set over against his ego a world of unknowable entities, or he must regard the whole world, together with the egos of all other individuals as included within his own ego. The former procedure would serve no purpose but writing the unknowables with a capital *U* to terrify ignorant folk, and the latter is not followed even by the solipsist in practical life.

There is nothing permanent in the ego, and it is therefore incapable of being saved. Partly the intuitive knowledge of this fact and partly the fear of it have been the prolific mother of the many optimistic, religious and philosophical aberrations and absurdities. After deep thought and psychological analysis (*vibhajja sastra)* the Blessed One recognised that all false doctrines invariably result from the *atman* conception, whether it be a belief in the existence of a personal atman (ego-soul, *jivatman*) or a belief in the existence of an impersonal *brahman* in things. It is the atman conception that makes the ordinary man (*pratakjana*) regard the impermanent as permanent and gives birth to all the sorrows of this world. "Atma nama parityajya dukkham tyaktum na sakyate. Without renouncing the atman we can not get rid of sorrow." So says the *Bohicharyavatara.** Only when the craving for individual immortality is destroyed, shall we be able to arrive at a freer and more enlightened view of life, which will not permit of the over-estimation of one's own ego in utter disregard of other egos.

The above elucidation of the meaning of *anitya* and *anatman* will have prepared the reader to understand the true import of *nirvana*. There are two false views in vogue concerning *nirvana*, which shall first be examined. Some think that *nirvana* is a state in which the individual soul is completely absorbed in the universal soul (*paramatman* or *brahman*) in the same way as the Vedanta philosophy of the Brahmins understands it. By others it is regarded as the annihilation of all activities (*chittavrittinirodha*), in which love, life and all become extinct. As regards the first view we must say that it is radically different from the proper conception of *nirvana*. Buddhism denies a soul (atman) as well as an absolute; how can it teach communion with or absorption in such a mysterious being as Brahman? The Blessed One says† that those who believe in Brahman and seek a union with Brahman are like a man who makes a staircase where four roads meet to mount up high into a mansion which he can neither see nor know how it is, where it is, what it is built of, nor whether it exists at all. Brahmins base their authority on the Vedas, and the Vedas are based on the authority of the composers of the Mantras, Brahmanas and Upanishads, and these composers rely on the authority of Brahma Prajapati. They

* Chapter VIII, p. 135.

† Tevigga sutta.

are like a string of blind men clinging to one another and leading one another, and their method of salvation is nothing else than adoration, worship and prayer. The Vedantic doctrine is clothed in high-sounding words, but it contains no truth. The follower of the Vedanta is compared by the Blessed One with the monkey at the lake who tries to catch the moon in the water, mistaking the reflection for reality.

The second view may seem to accord with the literal meaning of the word *nirvana*. Nirvana is *nir*, separation from, and *va*, wind; the simplest and most natural meaning would seem to be, not "blown out," but "no more waving," as from presence of wind, no more restlessness and change. Whatever may be the literal meaning of the term, the life of the Blessed One gives the direct lie to the view that nirvana is the annihilation of all activities. Sakyasimha attained *bodhi* at the age of thirty-five, and he spent the remaining forty-five years of his life in active preaching and doing good. Nirvana cannot therefore mean the annihilation of all activities. On the one hand, it is the annihilation of ignorance, delusion, covetousness, aversion, and all worldly selfish cravings, and on the other hand it is the perfection of all human excellences. If *nirvana* meant the annihilation of all activities like the extinction of a flame, suicide would be the quickest and best means of making an end of suffering and misery. But to one who has grasped the true nature of the ego and karma, the absurdity of this conclusion is evident. Suicide sets an example which will bear evil fruit in the hearts of others. Being a cause of consternation and unrest it cannot lead to the cessation of suffering. Suicide is the result either of madness or of egotism; it is due to some temporary aberration of the intellect or to a strong desire to protect one's life against certain dangers that threaten it. The suicide throws himself into the arms of death because he fears some impending emotional or physical disturbance. Under no circumstances therefore could suicide conduce to the attainment of *nirvana*.

What then is *nirvana*? Nirvana is the cessation of lust, hatred and ignorance. The commentator on the *Jatakas* says: "By what can every heart attain to lasting happiness? And to him whose heart was estranged from sin the answer came: 'When the fire of lust is gone out, the peace (*nibbata*) is gained; when the fires of hatred and ignorance are gone out, then peace is gained.'" This

represents only the negative side of *nirvana*. Its positive side is described by Asvagosha as follows: "When in this wise the principle and the condition of defilement, their products, and the mental disturbances are all annihilated, it is said that we attain to *nirvana* and that various spontaneous displays of activity are accomplished." When all that is evil is destroyed by the annihilation of the *atman* conception, the moral and intellectual powers attain complete perfection. When all evil inclinations have disappeared, the holy man becomes the perfect embodiment of truth, not so much in respect of the scientific knowledge of the nature of things, but in its realization in a moral and virtuous life. When all thought of self is annihilated, the holy man becomes the very embodiment of the ten supreme virtues (*paramitas*) of generosity (*dana*), kindness (*mathri*), good will (*seela*), renunciation (*nishkama*), wisdom (*pragna*, scientia scientiarum), forbearance (*kshanti*), love of truth (*satya*), energy including courage and self-reliance (*virya*), resolution (*sraddha*), and equanimity (*upeksha*).

Though *nirvana* is the annihilation of all egotism, it does not imply the annihilation of personality. Annihilation of personality can occur in life only with the cessation of all consciousness, as in a faint or in dreamless sleep. It is the Vedanta doctrine that teaches that "at the time of deep sleep the soul becomes one with the highest Brahman" and that "the state of senselessness (in swooning &c,) is a half-union with Brahman." The Dharma on the contrary gives no room for such a view, but distinctly declares such ideas to be mere madness. The holy man who has attained *nirvana* lives and works, not for himself, but for others. Instead of being the absolute non-existence as some people think *nirvana* to be, it is really a life of perpetual fellowship in the pure atmosphere of truth, goodness, freedom and enlightenment. Nirvana is at once the annihilation of all thought of self and the complete attainment of perfect love and righteousness. It is in short the realization in the thought and life of man of those eternal conditions which constitute perfect humanity.

All that man aspires and desires to attain through religion might in its essentials be reduced to three points: peace and tranquillity of mind; fortitude and consolation in adversity; hope in death. In Buddhism all these are attained through *nirvana*. The ordinary man seeks his rest and peace in God. For him all questions find

their solution in God. But it is entirely different with the Buddhist. Buddhism denies an Isvara, and the latter cannot therefore be its goal and resting point. The Buddhist's goal is Buddhahood, and the essence of Buddhahood is *satdharma*, the totality of all those laws which pervade the facts of life and the living recognition of which constitutes enlightenment. Satdharma is no pitiable abstraction from experience, like pure being, the Idea, the Absolute, or the Universal I. It is that aspect of existence which makes the world intelligible, which shows itself in cause and effect, in the blessedness that comes from righteousness and in the cussedness that follows evil doing. Satdharma is that presence which is forming the world in every detail, revealing itself most completely in man's rational will and moral aspirations. Though not an individual person like man, though not a limited being of a particular cast of mind, Satdharma is the condition of all personallty. Without Satdharma there would be nothing that constitutes personality, no reason, no science, no moral aspiration, no ideal, no aim and purpose in man's life. In short, Satdharma is what Clifford has described in his essay on *Cosmic Emotion* as the principle of nature in which "we must recognise the mother of life, and especially of human life; powerful enough to subdue the elements, and yet always working gently against them; biding her time in the whole expanse of heaven to make the highest cosmos out of inorganic chaos; the actor not of all the actions of living things but only of the good actions."

Satdharma is the norm of all existence, the standard of truth the measure of righteousness, the good law. Owing to the limitations of our knowledge and the imperfection of our goodness we may not yet know all about Satdharma. But we know enough about it to make it our guide in life. Like a cloud shedding its waters without distinction Satdharma encompasses all with the light of comprehension. Though the great cloud full of rain comes up in this wide world covering all lands and seas, and pours down its rain everywhere, over all grasses, shrubs, herbs, trees of various species, families of plants of different names growing on the earth, on the hills, on the mountains, or in the valleys, yet the grasses, shrubs, herbs, and wild trees, though sucking the same water, all of one essence, poured down abundantly by the same great cloud, grow according to their (*karma*), and acquire a proportionate development and bigness, shooting up and producing blossoms and fruits in their season.

Similarly though Satdharma is the same for all, different creatures appropriate in different ways the norms of truth and follow differently the light of Satdharma. Each creature has originated from unconscious potentialities through its own blind impulses; each one, in its own field of experience, has learned the lesson of life in its own way. Each one is responsible to itself, and no one can blame another for what he is and has become.

Satdharma is not a god who asserts himself and calls sin what is contrary to his will. Satdharma does not say to man: "I am the almighty ruler of the universe; you are my special favourite, I have given you the highest place of all in the universe, and you can get still further privileges if you obey my commands and pay me tithes." Satdharma neither loves to be addressed in prayer nor delights in listening to the praises of worshippers. Satdharma is not a self-conscious individual whose creatures we are. We are largely creatures of our own making. Pondering on the problems of life and death the Blessed One has recognised that life starts in unknown nonconscious potentialities with blind impulses, and that life's start is its own doing. It is this unconscious potency from which life starts, not knowing its whither, that is at the bottom of all evil. The Blessed One has expounded in a succinct way the various links (*nidanas*) in the chain of causation (*adhyatmika pratitya samutpada*) that leads to the full development of life as manifested in human beings. In the beginning there is unconscious potentiality (*avidya*); and in this nebulous ocean of undefined life the formative and organising propensities (*samskaras*) shape crude formless aggregates. From the materials thus produced originate organisms possessing awareness, sensibility and irritability (*vijnana*). From these develops self-consciousness, the unity which differentiates self from not-self, and makes organisms live as individual beings (*nama rupa*). With self-consciousness begins the exploration of the six fields of experience (*shadayatanas*), belonging to the five senses and the mind. The exploration of the six fields brings about the contact (*sparsa*) with the external world. The perception of the external world and the exercise of the senses and the mind thereon leads to the experience of different kinds of pleasure and pain (*vedana*). The experience of pleasure and pain generates in the individualised being, through not knowing its own nature, a grasping desire (*trishna*) for its own individual satisfaction. The thirst

for obtaining egoistic satisfaction induces a cleaving (*upadana*) to worldly pleasures. The indulgence in worldly pleasures produces the growth and continuation of selfhood (*bhava*). Self-assertion manifests itself in incessant changes or births (*jati*), and these incessant changes looked at selfishly become the sources of sorrow connected with sickness, old age, and death (*jara marana*). These give birth to lamentation, anxiety and despair.

Thus the cause of all sorrow lies at the very source; it lies in the unconscious blind impulses with which life starts. When these blind impulses are checked and controlled, the wrong appurtenances born of them will no longer have sway; with the removal of these wrong appurtenances the wrong perception begotten by them will be wiped out. When the wrong understanding of the world is wiped out, the egoistic errors peculiar to individualization will cease, and with the cessation of these the illusions of the six fields will disappear If the illusions of the six fields disappear, sense experience will no longer produce misconception. When no misconceptions arise in the mind, all grasping desires will cease, and with the disappearance of these will arise freedom from morbid cleaving and indulgence. When morbid cleaving and indulgence do not exist, the selfishness of selfhood will disappear. When this selfishness is annihilated, there will be complete escape from all sorrow arising from birth, disease, old age, and death,

It is therefore clear that the fate of each one of us rests in his own hands. If life is associated with suffering, no being has a right to blame another, much less Satdharma. It is not Satdharma that permits beings to suffer innocently for conditions which they did not create themselves. Life's suffering is life's own doing. He who knows the nature of life must not be afraid of suffering; he must bear its ills nobly. If he avails himself of the light of Satdharma, the essence of Buddhahood, and follows the noble eightfold path, he can escape the suffering that is associated with life, and arrive at the blissful haven of nirvana.

that realm on earth
Where one may stand and be free from all evil deed absolved.§

He who has attained *nirvana* can no longer live a life of selfhood, confined to the attainment of individual satisfaction. "*Boohichittam samutpadya sarva satva sukhecchaya.* It is with the desire to make all beings happy that one desires to attain bodhi." He

§ Dhammapada.

identifies himself with all that is good and noble. He extends his kindness to all beings, and his sympathies are universal. His charity is so far-reaching and unbounded that it refuses none, not even those who hate and despise him. As a mother, at the risk of her own life, protects her only son, so he who has attained *bodhi* cultivates good will beyond measure among all beings. He cultivates goodwill without measure toward the whole world, unstinted and unmixed with any feeling of making distinctions or showing preferences. He is always in

> That state of peace wherein the roots
> Of ever fresh rebirth are all destroyed, and greed
> And hatred and delusion all have ceased;
> That state from lust for future life set free
> That changeth not, can ne'er be led to change.

When the holy man who has attained *nirvana* dies, the skandhas which constitute his individual existence are dissolved, but he still lives. The *nirvana* in life is not free from *upadhis*, the ills naturally concomittant to a bodily life. But *parinirvana*, the *nirvana* in death, is free from *upadhis*, and is therefore regarded as a higher state, "a state which is unborn, unoriginated, uncreated, and unformed; a state where there is neither earth nor water, nor heat nor air, neither infinity of space nor infinity of consciousness, nor nothingness nor perception, nor non-perception, neither this world nor that world."* The man who has attained *parinirvana* lives in the eternal verities which he realised in practical life and with which he identified himself while alive. *Le Bouddha "vide de natur proper" est eternite, amour et misericorde.* It may be impossible to point out that after his death the holy man, the Buddha, lives here or there in a definite individual. He who looks for the Tathagatha through any material form, or seeks him through any audible sound, that man has entered on an erroneous course, and shall never behold the Tathagatha. The Blessed One said: "When I have passed away and am no longer with you, do not think that the Buddha has left you and is not still in your midst. You have my words, my explanation of the deep things of truth, the laws which I have laid down for the society; let them be your guide, the Buddha has not left you."† So even after the dissolution of his body, the Buddha lives in the Dharmakaya, the universal spirit

* Udana.

† Mahaparinirvana Sutra.

of humanity which carries mankind in its onward and upward march to a higher life. He who has attained nirvana lives for ever in the ideal of truth and moral aspiration. Thus the Blessed One, though dead more than two thousand years ago, still lives in the perennial truths he has revealed to mankind, in the Dharma he has taught. Whosoever comprehends the truth of the Dharma, even he is always in the divine presence of the Blessed One. And whosoever realises the Dharma in his practical life, even he is a Tathagatha, a personal manifestation of eternal truth; nay more, he is Devatideva, for what is God but the most perfect reflection of the highest humanity.

"For unto each man his handiwork, unto each man a crown,
The just fate gives;
Whoso takes upon him the world's life, and his own lays down,
He dying so, lives.
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering though he face man's fate:
How should he die?
Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head
He hath bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.
For an hour if you look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then you lift up your eyes to him, and behold him crowne,
A deathless face
On the mountains of memory, by the world's well springs,
In all men's eyes
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things:
Death only dies."

P. LAKSHMI NARASU.

COCHIN AS DESCRIBED BY EARLY TRAVELLERS.

THE town of Cochin is situated on the southern side of a natural harbour. It was formerly the capital of the native state which took its name after it. Previous to the year 1341 a small river flowed by Cochin having a narrow opening into the sea, the main outlet for the discharge of the waters that came in torrents down the Ghats being at the well-known opening at Cranganore, some twenty miles to the north. In the year 1341 an extraordinary flood occurred which brought down from the Ghats such a large volume of water that it converted the land-locked harbour of Cochin into one of the finest and safest ports in India. As observed by Mr. Chisholm Anstey, if it were not for the bar of shifting sand it would be one of the finest in the known world: even as it is, it will be hard to match it in India. The deepest water is inside, just where the wonderful chain of inland navigation, called the back-water, finds one of its outlets to the sea. By means of that chain Cochin has not only smooth and safe access to the Ghats eastward and to the Carnatic, but northward to the Goa territories and southward through Travancore to Cape Comorin. It was about this time that the island of Vypeen, thirteen miles long by three miles broad on the north side of the harbour, was thrown up by the sea as a result of natural convulsions. The island is known as *Pudoo Vypoo, i. e.* new formation, and the people there commence an era from the date of its formation A. D. 1341.[1]

The earlier notices of Malabar do not mention Cochin or its fine harbour at all. Neither the *Periplus* nor Ptolemy mentions it though both give us accounts of places situated to the north and south of Cochin such as Cranganore (Muzuris) Kallada (Nilakanda) Comar (Cape Comorin) and Kadalundi (Tyndis). Among Medieval travellers, so far as known at present, Ma Huan (A. D. 409) a Chinese Mahomedan, attached to the suit of Cheng-Ho, an envoy of the Emperor Yong-Lo (A. D. 1403—1425) to foreign countries, is the first to give an account of Cochin. The Italian Nicolo Conti (A. D. 1440) follows him. It may be noticed that this is almost exactly a

1. "I was assured," says "Fra. Bartolomeo, "by Mr. John Truyns, the sworn interpreter of the Dutch East India Company at Cochin, that the origin of this new period, and the epoch when it began, are registered in the chancery of the Company" Voyage to the East Indies, p. 127.

century after the formation of the harbour. Cochin attained importance only about the time of the arrival of the Portuguese in India (A. D. 1498). Since then it has been the chief port of Malabar passing from the hands of the Portuguese to those of the Dutch and from them to the English. Four centuries have rolled by since the white sails of the Portuguese glided slowly into the inner harbour steering safely through the deep channel of the Vypeen river and anchored quietly in one of the finest natural harbours their wondering eyes had ever beheld. The march of time has indeed left its mark on the devoted town and its harbour. Both have gone through various vicissitudes of fortune. From a fishing village the Portuguese raised it to a place of great commercial importance, building forts, churches, commercial houses &c. After some time the Dutch wrested the town from the Portuguese and improved it considerably, laying out streets and gardens. The English in turn took it out of the hands of the Dutch but pulled down everything their predecessors had taken so much labour and expense to rear up, and succeeded in restoring it, somewhat to its old position of comparative obscurity.

We have a *precis* of the most important details contained in Ma Huan's description of the seaport of Cochin given us by Mr. Geo. Philips in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for April 1896.

"Cochin, the first port of which we shall treat, is described as a day and night's sail from Coilum, the present Quilon, most probably the Kaulam Malai of the Arabs (*Vide* Yule's Glossary under Malabar) known to Chinese navigators of the Tang dynasty, (A. D. 618—915 as Muhlai. The king or ruler is of the solar race, and is a sincere believer in Buddhism,2 and has the greatest reverence for elephants and oxen, and every morning at daylight prostrates himself before an image of Buddha. The king wears no clothing on the upper part of his person; he has simply a square of silk wound round his loins, kept in place by a coloured waist-band of the same material and on his head a turban of yellow or white cotton cloth. The dress of the officers and the rich differs but little from that of the king. The houses are built of the wood of the cocoanut tree, and thatched with its leaves, which render them perpectly water-tight.

2. "Our traveller" says Mr. Phillips in a note "makes no distinction between Buddhism and Hinduism. The Chinese text * * is clear as to Buddhism being meant."

There are five classes of men in this kingdom. The Nayars rank with the king. In the first class are those who shave their heads, and have a thread or string hanging over their shoulder; these are looked upon as belonging to the noblest families.[3] In the second are the Mahamadans; in the third the Chittis, who are the capitalists; in the fourth the Kolings,[4] who act as commission agents; in the fifth the Mukwas, who are the lowest and poorest of all. The Mukwas live in houses which are forbidden by the Government to be more than three feet high, and they are not allowed to wear long garments; when abroad, if they happen to meet a Nayar or a Chitti they at once prostrate themselves on the ground, and dare not rise until they have passed by; these Mukwas get their living by fishing and carrying burdens.

The merchants of this country carry on their business as pedlars do in China. Here also is another class of men, called Chokis (Yogi), who lead austere lives like the Taoists of China, but who, however, are married. These men from the time they are born do not have their heads shaved or combed, but plait their hair into several tails, which hang over their shoulders; they wear no clothes, but round their waists they fasten a strip of rattan, over which they hang a piece of white calico; they carry a conch-shell, which they blow as they go along the road; they are accompanied by their wives, who simply wear a small bit of cotton cloth round their loins. Alms of rice and money are given to them by the people whose houses they visit.

In this country there are two seasons, the wet and the dry. In the first two months of the rainy season there are only passing showers, during which time the people lay in a stock of provisions; in the next two months there is a continual downpour day and night, so that the streets and market places are like rivers, and no one is able to go out of doors; during the last two months the rain gradually ceases, and then not a drop falls for another six months. The soil is unproductive; pepper, however, grows on the hills and is extensively cultivated; this article is sold at five tales the P'o-ho, which is four hundred Cattis of Chinese weight.

3. Perhaps the Namboori Brahmans.
4. Perhaps the same with the Quilins who are mentioned along with the Chetties by the early Portuguese writers. They were also known as the Kling or Cheling, a term used to denote the people of continental India who trade in the Malay countries and Straits Settlements or are settled in those regions and the descendants of such settlers. See Yule's Glossary, pp. 144—372.

All trading transactions are carrid on by the Chittis, who buy the pepper from the farmers when it is ripe, and sell it to foreign ships when they pass by. They also buy and collect precious stones and other costly wares. A pearl weighing three-and-a-half candareens can be bought for a hundred ounces of silver. Coral is sold by the Catti; inferior pieces of coral are cut into beads and polished by skilled workmen; these are also sold by weight. The coinage of the country is a gold piece, called fanam, weighing one candareen; there is also a little silver coin called a Ta-urh,* which is used for making small purchases in the market. Fifteen Ta-urhs make a Fa-nam. There are no asses or geese in this country, and there is neither wheat nor barley; rice, maize, hemp, and millet abound. Articles of tribute are sent to China by our ships on their return voyage."

Nicolo Conti calls the town Cocym Barbosa, the anonymous *Sommario dei Regni* in Ramusio and D'Barros mention it as Cochin, while the Lisbon Editions of Barbosa and Conti have Cochin, Cocym or Cochym. So also Gutchin of Spinger. G. Balbi has Cochi. It is remarkable that Nicolo Conti in the fifteenth century and Fra Paolino in the seventeenth, both say that the town was called Kochi, after the small river that flowed by that place. It is locally known as *Kochi*, and *Kochu* in the Malayalam language means small. It is also significant that the Sanscrit *Kerala Mahathmyam* calls it *Balapuri*, a small town.

In the early part of the fifteenth century Nicolo Conti travelling in the east reached Quilon or as he calls it Coloen. Having quitted Coloen, he arrived, after a journey of three days, at the city of Cocym. This city is five miles in circumference, and stands at the mouth of a river, from which it derives its name. Sailing for some time in this river he saw many fires lighted along the banks, and thought that they were made by fishermen. But those who were with him in the ship exclaimed smiling "*Icepe*" "*Icepe.*". These have the human form, but may be called either fishes or monsters which issuing from the water at night collect wood and procuring fire by striking one stone against another, ignite it and burn it near the water; the fishes attracted by the light, swim towards it in great numbers, when the monsters who lie hid in the water, seize them and devour them. They said that some which they had taken, both male and female, differed in no respect as to their form from human beings. Truly a marvellous traveller's tale indeed!—of the Mandeville

type, however. Surely a sober traveller like Conti would not be gulled into believing such trash. Hence the express assertion that the story rests on the testimony of his travelling companions. So far as his personal observation is concerned he stops a good way short of the marvellous and atributes the many fires lighted along the banks to fishermen in order to attract the shoals of fish that swim in great numbers towards the light. Four centuries have passed since Conti visited Cochin. Yet the attention of the latest arrival in these parts will even to-day be attracted by the numerous fires lighted, all along the coast line after it is dark by the descendants of Conti's "*Icepe*" for no other purpose than for replenishing their fish baskets. Of course the specimens male and female which Conti's companions had the good fortune to secure did not look like fishes or monsters and "differed in no respect as to their form from human beings" for the simple reason that they belonged to that class of beings whom God created in his own image.

In this district, adds Conti, the same fruits are found as in Coloen and these are the jack fruit, the mango and the pepper.[5]

For about a century and a half after the formation of the harbour the Cochin Rajas enjoyed the advantages of this outlet to the ocean. The country was enriched by the trade it carried on with China, Arabia, Persia and with the coast towns of Western India and the neighbouring countries. But latterly its trade had begun to decline owing to the exertions of the more energetic Zamorin between whom and the Cochin Rajas a deadly enemity had existed from time out of mind. Backed up by his enterprising Arab and Moorish allies the Zamorin had enticed away most of the merchants to Calicut, and the Christian traders were driven from the coast by the Mussalmans. Under these circumstances the Cochin Raja viewed with extreme satisfaction the advent of the Portuguese.

Cochin was then the capital of a kingdom of the same name, nineteen leagues south of Calicut. It stood upon a river, was very strong, and had a safe and capacious port. The land about it was low, and divided into many islands. It was built after the manner of Calicut and inhabited with Gentiles and Moors who came from sundry parts to trade. There were two, each having fifty ships. Provisions were not plenty. But there was pepper enough, most of that which was at Calicut being brought from hence. Yet

5. Major's India in the Fifteenth Century.

the greater resort of merchants was at this latter place which was therefore the richer of the two. Such is the testimony of the early Portuguese.[6]

Under the Portuguese Cochin rapidly grew into a large and flourishing town and soon became a centre of commercial importance. Before Goa was built it was looked upon as the official residence of the Viceroy of India. It extended to a mile and a half in length and a mile in breadth and was well built having many public structures which beautified the town and gave it an imposing appearance. Baldeus has preserved a plan of the Portuguese town of Cochin as it stood at the time of the Dutch conquest. It appears to have covered all the sandy waste to the west of the present town, and to have run along the sea-shore; in this part was situated the monastery of St. Paul; whilst in the opposite direction it narrowed off along the banks of the back-water, till the walls met in two or three formidable bastians somewhere in the vicinity of the Mattancherry bridge; and hereabouts stood the monastery of the Augustin monks. The Fransican monastery stood on the eastern side of the present Government church, whilst the foundations of the Dominican convent are still traceable around the plot of ground occupied some time ago by the Protestant Free Schools. The Jesuits too had their establishment within the walls of the town. The place is said to have had an imposing appearance from the sea, for the Government buildings were well constructed, whilst the Cathedral, and the churches of the Dominicans and Augustinians are said to have been truly splendid; and all were enclosed in strong fortifications, which, where well manned, could stand a long siege.[7]

Between the years 1563 and 1581, Cæsar Frederick, Merchant of Venice, voyaged to the East Indies and visited Malabar.[7a] He describes Cochin as the "chiefest place that the Portugals have in the Indies next unto Goa" "and there is great trade of spices, drugges and all other sorts of merchandise for the kingdoms of Portugale." He speaks of the great privileges enjoyed by "those Portugales which are married, and are citizens in the Citie, Cochin, of the Portugales." He adds that by this name of Portugales, throughout all the Indies, they call all the Christians that came out

6. Astley's collection of voyages, p. 33.
7. Whitehouse,—Historical Notices of Cochin, p. 14.
7a. Hakluyt's voyages Vol. 5, pp. 392 to 395.

of the West, whether they be Italians, Frenchmen, or Almaignes." With regard to the special privileges possessed by them, he obeserves: "All that they marry in Cochin do get an office according to the trade he is of: this they have by the great privileges which the citizens have of the city because there are two principal commodities that they deal withal in that place, which are these: the great store of Silke that commeth from China, and the great store of Sugar which commeth from Bengala: the married citizens pay not any custome for these two commodities; for all other commodities they pay four per cents custome to the King of Cochin, rating their goods at their own pleasure. Those which are not married and strangers pay in Cochin to the King of Portugale eight per cents of all manner of merchandize."* "I was in Cochin" adds the traveller "when the Viceroy of the King of Portugale wrought what he coulde to breake the privilege of the citizens, and to make them to pay customes as other did: at which time the citizens were glad to weigh their Pepper in the night that they laded the ships with all that went to Portugale and stole the custome in the night. The King of Cochin having understanding of this, would not suffer any more Pepper to be weighed. Then presently after this, the merchants were licensed to doe as they did before, and there was no more speech of this matter, nor any wrong done."

There was considerable trade in export carried on between Cochin and Portugal. The ships bound for Portugal with cargo leave Cochin every year on the 5th of December or the 5th of January. "They lade ships in Cochin for Portugal and for Ormus," says Cæsar Frederick speaking of the articles of trade "but they that goe for Ormus carrie no Pepper but by Contrabanda, as for Sinamome they easilie get leave to carrie that away, for all other spices and drugs they may liberally carrie them to Ormus or Cambaia, and so all other merchandise which come from other places, but out of the kingdome of Cochin properly they carry away with them into Portugale great abundance of Pepper, great quantities of Ginger, dried and conserved, wild Sinamome, good quantity of Arecca, great store of cordage of Caire made of the barke of the tree of the great Nut, and better than that Hempe, of which they carry great store into Portugale."

* William Barret (1584) makes mention of this privilege. With regard to the coins current in Cochin in his time he observes. "The money of Cochin are all the same sorts which are current in Goa, but the ducket of gold in value is ten *tangas* of good money." Hakluyt's Voyages, Vol. VI, p. 21.

From "A declaration of the places from whence the goods subscribed doe come"—made about this time, we see the following articles mentioned against the name "Cochin". Pepper, Gawrie, Sandals, wilde Chopra, Lignum Aloes, Galangœ, Spodio di Cana, Folium Indicum.‡

The first Englishman to visit Cochin was Master Ralph Fitch to whom belongs the honour of being the "Pioneer Englishman" who had journeyed to India even before the first voyage of James Lancaster who sailed from Plymouth in 1591. The beginning of the English trade with the East is generally dated from this voyage. But Ralph Fitch had in the company of other merchants completed his voyage to India by the time Lancaster sailed from Plymouth. "In the yeere of our Lord 1583" says Fitch "I, Ralph Fitch of London, merchant, being desirous to see the countreys of the East India, in the company of M. John Newberie merchant (which had beene at Ormus once before) of William Leedes Jeweller, and James Story Painter, being chiefly set forsooth by the right worshipfull Sir Edward Osborne Knight, and M. Richard Staper citizens and merchants of London, did ship my selfe in a ship of London called Tyger." He carried with him Royal missives to Indian and China Kings, was taken prisoner on his way by the Portuguese, escaped from their custody, completed the journey and returned visiting many important places on the way.

Among these was Cochin where he lived several months. "Thus passing the coast" says Fitch "we arrived in Cochin the 22 of March, where we found the weather warme, but scarsity of victuals: for here groweth neither corne nor rice, and the greatest part commeth from Bengala. They have here very bad water, for the river is farre off. This bad water causeth many of the people to be like lepers, and many of them have their legs swollen as bigge as a man in the waste, and many of them are scant able to go. These people here be Malabars, and of the race of the Naires of Calicut: and they differ much from the other Malabars. These have their heads very foel of haire, and bound up with a string, and good archers with a long bow and a long arrow, which is their best weapon: Yet there be some calivers among them, but they handle them badly.

"Here groweth the pepper; and it springeth up by a tree or a pole, and is like our ivy berry, but something longer like the wheat

‡ Ibid, p. 24.

eare: and at the first the bunches are green, and as they waxe ripe they cut them off and dry them. The leafe is much lesser then the ivy leafe and thinner. All the inhabitants here have very little houses covered with the leaves of the coco-trees. The men be of reasonable stature; the women little blacke, with a cloth bound about their middle hanging down to their hammes all the rest of their bodies be naked: they have horrible great eares with many rings set with pearles and stones in them. The king goeth incached, as they do all: he doth not remain in a place above five or six days: he hath many houses, but they be but little: his guard is but small: he remooveth from one house to another according to their order. All the pepper of Calicut and course cinamom groweth here in this countrey. The best cinamom doth come from Ceylon, and it is pilled from fine yoong trees. Here are very many palmere or coco-trees, which is their chief food: for it is their meat and drinke: and yeeldeth many other necessary things, as I have declared before."[8]

Just before the Dutch capture of Cochin Sir Thomas Herbert the Englishman (1653) describes Cochin "as the chief place the Portuguese have in the Indies, where is the greatest trade of spices, drugs, and all other merchandise."

The Dutch captured the town in 1663 and considerably altered it removing everything they deemed "obstructive to their rule, their religion or their convenience." Most of the houses and streets were allowed to stand though the latter were re-named. The chief were as follows:—de Linde (Lime tree) Straat, de Lily Straat, Heere (Gentleman) Straat, de Peeter eulie (Parsby) Straat, de Bue (Broad) Straat, de Sime (Smith) Straat, de Osse (ox) Straat, de Kalven (calf) Straat &c., They formed a botanical garden on the ground belonging to the Roman Catholic church and named the street leading to it from the Government House Bloomendaal (Flowerdale Straat.) The only building of consequence which the Dutch erected was the Commander's house which stood at the N. W. angle of the Fort, its walls being washed by the river where it debouches into the sea. They also raised a pile of buildings on the old parade ground the chief of which were *het anmesnite Huys* (ammunition depot) and de Lyfwagt.[9]

8. Ralph Fitch, England's Pioneer to India by J. Horton Ryley 1899, pp. 185-86.
9. Whitehouse.

Baldeus speaking of Cochin says "The Jesuit church and college facing the sea-shore, had a lofty steeple, and a most excellent set of bells. The college which was then three stories high, and contained about 20 or 30 appartments, was surrounded with a strong wall." "Among other steeples" writes Nienhoff,* "that of St. Paul (the Jesuit church) being magnificently built of square stones, exceeded all the rest in height as beauty." "The Austin Friyer's, Franciscan's and Jesuit's had likewise their several convents magnificently built with very pleasant gardens and walks." Another traveller[10] of the same period speaks of twenty-three churches built by the Portuguese in Cochin and its suburbs; and as if these had not been sufficient the Dutch discovered the foundations of one designed to be much bigger than any of the others. The Jesuit, Pierre Martin, in the *Letters Edefiante's* &c. tells us (in a tone of lamentation) that when under the dominion of Portugal, "One saw in Cochin, on every hand a great number of apostolic men, who went to carry the light of faith amongst the idolatrous nations." Once in possession of Cochin Van Goens, the Dutch Commandant, played the Vandal. "You must know" writes Tavernier "that at the taking of Cochin the Jesuits had in that city one of the fairest libraries in all Asia as well as for the great quantity of books sent them out of Europe as for several rare manuscripts in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Arabic, Persian, Indian, Chinese, and other Oriental languages. For in all the conquests of the Portugals their first care was to summon all the learned people of several nations, and to get all their books into their hands. During the little time the Jesuits were in Ethiopia they had copied out all the books that came to their knowledge and sent all these books to Cochin * * * . But to tell ye what became of this library: General Van Goens made no conscience to expose it to the ignorance of his soldiers, so that I have

* In John Nieuhoff's "Remarkable Voyages and Travels into the best provinces of the West and East Indies," we find the following description of Cochin, under date 1662:—"Some authors make mention of two different Cochins, *viz.*, the old Cochin, lying about a league and a half from the sea-shore. The Portuguese call it *Cochin* Dacima, or Higher Cochin, because it lies higher up the river; by the Dutch it is called *Cochin Malabar*, where the king keeps his residence, being situated upon the banks of a river, and pretty well peopled and adorned with several goodly structures and pagodas. The other called New Cochin, is scarcely a league from the sea, and was in the possession of the Portuguese." Cæsar Frederick gives similar descriptions of the two Cochins. See Hakluyt's Voyages, Vol. V, p. 393.

10. Sieur de Rennefort.

seen the soldiers and sea-men tear several of those beautiful volumes to light their tobacco."[11]

Dr. John Fryer visited Cochin in the course of his voyage to India (1672—1681) and describes it as "once a famous mart of the Portugals wrested from them and made impregnable by the Dutch."

We get glimpses of Cochin when in the possession of the Dutch from accounts left us by Mr. Forbes and the French author Anqutail Du Perron as well as from Bartholomeo who was in the country for a long time. Anqutail Du Perron visited Cochin towards the latter part of the year 1757 and stayed till the beginning of 1758. He lets us have a peep into the inner life of the governing class the personnel and the system of Government &c. Forbes (1772) on the other hand gives us an idea of its commercial position. He describes it as "a place of great trade presenting a striking contrast to Goa: a harbour filled with ships, streets crowded with merchants and warehouses stored with goods from every part of Asia and Europe marked the industry, the commerce and the wealth of the inhabitants."[12] Ives in 1757 found Cochin "not unpleasant, but in point of grandeur, regularity and indeed, in every other respect, it fell greatly short of Colombo."[12a] Bartholomeo tells us that after the Dutch had become masters of Cochin they carried off from it a great deal of riches. After that period he adds the beautiful cathedral was converted into a warehouse for the Dutch East India Company. "This edifice is now employed for preserving the sugar which the Company obtains from Batavia, and the cinnamon they receive from Ceylon together with nutmegs, cloves, iron, copper, cordage, rice, pepper, and various other articles of merchandise, which they bring hither from foreign countries, and sell partly to the Indian princes, and partly to Arabian as well as other native and foreign merchants. Cochin is intersected by beautiful streets: the arsenal is well provided with all kinds of military stores, and the citadel is strongly fortified. The latter, in the year 1778 was supplied with new ditches, bridges, batteries and bastions, under the direction of the Governor Adrian Moens. It lies on the southern bank of the Coci, and commands the harbour, which is open to merchant vessels, but into which no ship of war is suffered to enter."[13]

11. Whitehoase,—Lingerings of Light in a dark land. See quotation at page 168.
12. Oriental Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 208.
12*a*. Ive's Voyages, p. 194.
13. Voyage to the East Indies, p. 130.

Cochin remained with the Dutch till the year 1795 when taking advantage of the rupture with Holland the English under Major Petrie appeared before the town which was surrendered to him on the 20th of October. It was formally ceded to the British only in 1814.

On the occupation of Cochin by the British they continued the Dutch form of government. They had always to keep a watchful eye on the Raja of Cochin who appears not to have been over much pleased at the change of the European Governors of Cochin. There were constant outbreaks in Cochin and the adjoining districts and at times these extended to the town itself; so much so the Government thought it necessary to reimpose in Cochin the Regulation of July 22nd 1793 restraining the bringing of arms and ammunitions into the town. The Raja expected external aid from other European nations and the Dutch prisoners of war fomented his unpleasant relations with the English by presenting him with a portraite of Napolean promising to procure support from that quarter. Thereupon the Raja's people assumed an insolent attitude and the Cochin garrison had to be directed to "strictly exclude all the servants of the Cochin Raja, from British territory, lying around the town." This state of unpleasantness continued for some time, the Cochin Diwan making attempts to encroach on British power till at last inspired by the Travancore Diwan Velu Thampy the Cochin minister Paliath Achan joined the former in violently attacking Cochin and attempting to murder the British Resident Col. Macaulay who was then living in what is now the Court house and Cutchery. Six hundred of the Travancoreans made a mad rush on the Resident's house at half-past two A. M. on the 29th December 1808, obtained possession of it and destroyed everything. They failed in finding Col. Macaulay as he had already effected his escape along with his escort and got on board a *Pattimar*. The "Nair war" continued and on the 21st January 1809, the late Dutch Governor's house was broken open and plundered and the garden destroyed. On the 25th the Travancoreans once more attacked Cochin advancing from the south, setting fire to and burning the custom house at Mattancherry and breaking down the Mattancherry bridge on their way. But they were soon driven back. The rioters continued to hover about Cochin for some time more till efficient measures were adopted to put down the Nair insurrection. A British army marched into

Travancore and brought the erring Diwan and his associates to book; whereupon the Cochin Raja accepted an offer of friendship, expressed his sorrow for the conduct of his minister Paliat Achan who was sent into exile, and his family title of hereditary Prime minister to the Cochin Raja was taken away. There were a few troops left in Cochin till the year 1860 when the last vestige of the military occupation ceased.

"The early history of Cochin under the British rule" observes the Rev. M. Whitehouse, "is not calculated to reflect credit upon the Hon. East India Company. Utterly neglected for a long period with a declining trade, and an impoverished population, generally deprived of all religious and educational advantages, one cannot wonder that it gradually sunk, lower and lower, commercially, socially and morally."[14]

Bishop Middleton writing in 1816 describes Cochin thus: "It proved to be in a condition, in all respects sufficiently miserable; some of the principal edifices neglected, and falling into decay: the Dutch church shut up for want of a minister, the school in the fort destroyed, the children left unbaptized, the sick unassisted, and without the last consolatory offices: and a total apathy amongst the inhabitants, respecting education and religion;"[15] Such had been the state of the place for nearly fifteen years when Bishop Middleton visited Cochin. At the time of the British conquest there were in the town several buildings of importance not to say of great magnificence. Of those reared for religious purposes by the pious hands of the Catholic Portuguese not a few were pulled down or desecrated by the Calvanist Hollander. The magnificent Portuguese Cathedral of Santa Cruz had been converted by the Dutch into a storehouse for their merchandise and the English in their turn had its nave blown up considering it to have occupied too much space. Its tower was retained, however, for use as a flag staff and lighthouse. Its height will give us some idea of the Cathedral itself. It stood sixty-seven feet eight inches high above the level of the grass. The light was shown at an elevation of sixty-seven feet above the tower except during the South-West monsoon

14. Whitehouse—Historical Notices p. 31.
15. Life of Middleton p. 203, Vol. I.

when it was placed at 32. It was struck down by a flash of lightning on the 11th of May 1809 when all traces of the once magnificent Cathedral were finally blotted out.

The church of the Franciscans had been appropriated by the the Dutch for their form of worship. In the palmy days of the Portuguese empire in the East its spacious nave had seen the gorgeous performance of the Catholic form of worship in all its pomp and glitter. Its chancel had afforded a temporary home to the mortal remains of the great Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama. The date of its erection is not known but inscriptions on the pavement show that it had existed in 1546 and the fact of the internment of Vacso da Gama in its chancel in 1525 makes it certain that it was erected before that date so that we may conclude that the church was built within 25 years after the Portuguese had obtained a footing in Cochin and was therefore perhaps the first European church in India. It is now known as the Protestant church and is used for the established form of worship. In the hands of the British it was not to have escaped the Vandalism of the East India Company. Mr. Lawson tells us that "some barrels of gunpowder had been already placed inside and everything was ready for its demolition when at the eleventh hour, the officer in command relented, and so happily this interesting pile has no trace of our sad levelling principles." Mr. Lawson gives us an interesting description of its condition in his days.

"The church cannot lay claim to any great architectural merit. It has a tall gable towards the west, with arched windows and porch, columns and pinnacles of a very obsolete fashion—the exterior is more or less blackened by wind and storm, and butresses, six feet square at the base, support the walls which are four feet thick. The nave, a hundred and fourty-two feet long, fifty-one broad and to the angle in the strong braced roof above fifty feet high, is airy, bright and simple; long benches are arranged right and left to the reading desk and pulpit, and the stone pavement is occasionally irregular from the deep carvings on the monumental slabs. A broad spanned arch separates the nave from the chancel, extending across which behind the communion table is a handsomely carved screen with tablets gold on blue let into alternate panels. Though the interior is well nigh as innocent of ornament as that of a Methodist chapel, its historic interest has made the inhabitants of Cochin highly proud of their old church.

Many of the inscriptions on the tombs are interesting for their quaint yet characteristic style.

This is a translation of one of the oldest

"Here lies Maria Memdes, who begs for the love of God, one Pater Noster for "her soul, died on the 14th October of the era 1562 Anno."

This is inscribed over a sailor,

"Here rests the old trading captain Baren Hermans being son of Uchtman "Haftencer. Deserves for praise a crown—vixit 63 years, obit 29th April Anno 1673."

The two following are singularly precise,

"Here rests mistress Lea Vander Koute, wife of the Honorable Herr, com-"mander Isaac Van Dielen died the 29th December, Anno 1688, being aged 32 "years, Minus a few hours. And Lea Gertruda Van Dielen, little daughter of "both, died 11th November, previous aged three years, five months and seventeen "days."

"Here under rests the Honorable Herr Isaac Van Dielen, Commander and "chief officer on the coast of Malabar, Canara and Vingorla. Died 25th December "in the evening between 10 and 11 o'clock, being aged forty-one years, seven "months and twenty days Anno 1693."

And this appears to be the most recent.

"Here under rests, for holy Resurrection the body of the deceased, well born, "Herr Reinen Van Harm, in life Senior Merchant, second,* and head Administra-"tor of this Government. Born at Campen on the 12th December 1734. Died "the 16th March 1789 aged fifty-four years, three months and four days."

"Since 1794 no burials have taken place in the church, the vaults were filled up, and the doors seldom unlocked until in 1817 the Bishop of Calcutta appointed a clergyman to this coast, and after a long period of but monthly services, the present Chaplain was established to this town individually by the Additional Clergy Society. His comfortable Parsonage is close by surrounded by a large garden containing a rare collection of tropical fruits and flowers."[16] This was written in 1860.

A few years before this on the 9th of November 1857, Mr. Chisholm Anstey visited Cochin and he gives us a graphic account of the town as it then stood. He makes the following entry in his private journal:—

"I was agreeably surprised with the appearance of the town. It is not that the destruction was less complete than the Vandals of Leadenhall Street designed. On the contrary, it is hard to imagine a more faithful and exact performance of the will of a superior than was rendered here in 1806 by the Company's Proconsuls to their intelligent and honorable masters. The stupendous quays, shattered into enormous masses by the company's mines of gunpowder, still encumber the anchorage, and make embarkation and disembarkation difficult. Not a vestige remains of most of the Public buildings. The magnificent warehouses of the Dutch East India Company, which won admiration from the rest of the world, and envy from our own Company, were the first to be sprung into the air. There is a solitary Tower left—the "Flagstaff" they call it now—to tell where stood the

* Second in rank to the Governor-General of Batavia.

16. Lawson's British and Native Cochin, pp. 23 to 26.

Cathedral of Cochin, and where the body of Vacso-da-Gama was burried. His grave has been defiled by us, and its very place is now forgot 'you are within fifty yards of it, but on which side I cannot say'—was the only indication which a well-read and careful investigator of local antiquities—himself a resident here for some years past—could give me of the whereabouts of him, who opened the Indian ocean to *our* commerce—to *all* commerce. One church—diverted from the Portuguese to the Dutch worship, and from the latter to the Protestant Establishment—is the only one which the Company's Guy Fauxes were pleased to spare. That too is the only building left us whereby to justify our faith in the chronicles which record the ancient wealth and splendour of Cochin."

The journal then goes on to state that Cochin came into British hands in 1796, the British being the allies of the Stadtholder; and in 1806 it was feared that the ministry of Charles James Fox might restore Cochin and other Dutch Colonies to Holland, and so the only port south of Bombay where large ships could be built would be withdrawn from the East India Company. "So in that year the British authorities gave the word to blow up with gunpowder the fortifications, public buildings &c. and great was the company of Guy Faux: great also the success. The Company's Gazetteers are still able to record that not only war and trade and Government were made impossible, but animal life itself. 'Scarcely a private house' we are told, 'of any size or value remaind standing'; all who could do so 'left the place'; "all who could not,' it is coolly added, 'sunk into abject beggary, though some formerly possessed titles, and held high rank and station'..............Really it cheers one to think that there is a complaisance which can chronicle such things, and not be ashamed! still, in its ruins it is inviting enough: were it not for the misery of the indigent, which its now renaiscant trade will in time extinguish. One can trace out the ruins for a mile squire from the sea, even beneath the forest growth and herbage...... Now that free trade and liberty of the press have wrested, (1851) tardily enough, from Leadenhall street, the bare permission to those who will, to go out and live at Cochin, and trade there, if they can, there are signs of life even amongst these ruins * * *. In this wretched fishing village, for in 1815, it was no better, there are already now in 1857, seventeen thriving merchantile establishments: amongst them all they exported last year from Cochin not less than 600,000 sterling worth of Cochiu and Travancore produce * * * * The Company has suffered the backwater navigation to fall into ruin. But all is of a piece with the policy which sprung the mines of 1806 upon the wharves and magazines of the same commerce. I could not help reflecting thus as to-day I saw the *Persian*, a ship more than 700 tons, lying off one of the ruined quays to which she

was moored, and which, albeit in ruins, was still so useful that the cargo could be carried on board along a foot plank without the need of a boat."17

The learned translator of *Correa* adds: "Thoronton, McCulloch, and the French Geographical Dictionary of Ginbert agree in stating that this destruction took place in 1806, but no trace of it is to be found in the 'India Office or Admirality Indexes.'"18

A decade after Anstey's visit Col. James Welsh passed by Cochin and has left us an interesting description of the place. He observes that "the hand of time, the not less destructive hand of John Bull, and the extreme poverty of the remaining inhabitants, have alike combined to reduce this once flourishing city, to a small insignificant town." He then refers to the great facilities which Cochin possessed for shipbuilding. "A ready access to the finest timber for maritime purposes, with the facility of launching vessels of any size, have still secured to the port the almost exclusive privilege of ship-building and the ship-wrights and carpenters are, therefore, expert and numerous. Here of late years, some of the largest and best ships in the Eastern and Chinese trade, have been built; and several frigates were also constructed for the Royal Navy; but heavy duties, with the causes already mentioned have now reduced it to insignificance as a trading port."19 The shipbuilding trade has almost deserted Cochin and the export shipwrights and carpenters now live only in the memories of old residents; steam, steel and iron have taken the bread out of their mouths. The trade of Cochin is, however, looking up. There are several European firms engaged in exporting pepper, ginger, nux vomicca, cocoanut oil, coprah, cardamums and other articles of great value. The coir manufacturing industry is also not neglected. The advent of the Railway to Ernakulam on the opposit coast will no doubt give an impetus to Cochin's prosperity in the future. But till the harbour is improved, and steamers of large draught are enabled to enter the inner harbour by maintaining a uniform depth, Cochin can never hope to attain its once undoubted prominence.

K. P. PADMANABHA MENON.

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17. Quoted by Stanely in his Correa, pp. 428—430.

18. See Thoronton's Gazetteer and Edye's Description of the Seaports of Malabar.

19. Col. James Welsh,—Military Reminiseences, Vol II.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL PROBLEM IN BRIEF.

THE most stirring question of the time is 'how to live' or rather 'how to survive' as a nation. I mean, how in the vortex of world-wide international life into which we, Indians, have been thrown, we could keep our heads above water and not only not die but retain our buoyancy and some measure of command over the waters whereby we could navigate and not drift merely.

What is the general situation now, and what are the lines of action that that situation requires to be preached and helped towards, by the leaders of the people and followed by the people who have formally or informally accepted their lead?

But before any of these questions can be fully or truly answered we have to find the data whereon could be based correct estimates of health and disease. That the state of the Indian national body is not one of perfect health or even such tolerable condition of healthiness as that of another nation new or old, of a like degree of civilization to ours, may be taken as more or less accepted. Even the most optimistic school of publicists admit that India is poor in all that constitute the world's goods if the ancient religion, literature, art and other yet uneffaced impressions of a great past are left out of reckoning. They only say that the poverty that has long existed is now lessening and is at best not more than in other countries and that under the continued operation of the forces set at work, India is bound to rise to the generally accepted level of prosperity. To repeat, one can make no specific or categorical statement about present facts or future action without more elaborate economic statistics than we now can boast of. And I sincerely believe that the population census of India, Travancore included, in which I have had my humble share, would fail of its full function if not followed up by a regular economic census *i. e.* the collection of detailed statistics of the productive wealth of the country and the manner of its distribution among its component sections viewed separately in regard to nationality, caste, and occupation. Until that is done—and no item of work can have a higher place on the agenda of any progressive administration than this—the comparative condition of the Indian people among the nations of the earth must be judged by the figures representing the respective rates of average income per head. They are according

to the highest official authority Rs. 30 in India as against £ 36 in England. Let us pause and ask the question "what does an income of Rs. 30 a year mean?" It means an income of one anna and four pies a day, exactly the wage earned by a famine cooly in the Government Relief Camp. This wage is intended for mere sustenance *i. e.* to enable life to remain within the body. It makes no allowance for healthy nourishment, much less for luxury. And this pittance, be it noted, is only the average, there being of course millions upon millions of people who support themselves on a smaller pittance still. "Can it then be untrue" asks an Indian publicist "that a large portion of the population, one-fifth according to the late Dr. Hunter and one-third according to Sir Charles Elliot, go through life without knowing what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied?" I have had some opportunities of studying the condition of the people living in the rural parts of almost every taluk in the State; and what has made the most lasting impresssion on my mind is the sight of recently depopulated and steadily depopulating villages, desperate aggregating in towns for dependent labour official, menial and cooly, and a general state of economic tremor. Referring to this rural depopulation which one cannot but deplore, I am reminded of what the poet Cowper said "God made the country and man made the town." And this is a saying which is not only true, but is full of deep meaning for those who are interested in the physical and moral welfare of our population. The country forms the recruiting ground of the nation and it must not go. But it would be said as Mr. J. B. Pennington, a retired Indian Collector, has done, that "there are more than 10 per cent even in this country (England) who never have enough to eat or depend on famine relief in the shape of the poor law and suffer more misery than the poor Indians ever do." In a recent publication by Mr. B. S. Rountree, a retired Punjab official, it is calculated that some seven and a half millions of people are at the present moment in England living below the poverty line, in other words, in a state which does not allow of anything but the primitive wants of the human animal—food, shelter, light, and warm clothing. Mr. Rountree does not say that there is any considerable proportion of the population, whose condition does not allow of even these. What Mr. Rountree means by poverty line is explained by him as follows: "A family living upon the scale allowed or by the estimate must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus; they must never

purchase a halfpenny newspaper or spend a penny to buy a ticket for a popular concert. They must write no letters to absent children, for they cannot afford the postage. They must never contribute anything to the church or chapel, or give any help to a neighbour which costs them money, They cannot save, nor can they join sick club or trade union, because they cannot pay the necessary subscription. The children must have no pocket-money for dolls, marbles, or sweets &c."

If this is poverty in the West it needs no argument to show that it corresponds to the average easy circumstances in India where when we talk of poverty we do not keep in view such a high standard. Conjee water in the morning or a drink of jaggery and water or toddy in the midday and solid meal whenever it can be obtained in the night supplemented in varying degrees by tapioca, yam, jack and mango is the normal condition of our working classes. It is only when even this is procured with difficulty or not at all that a muffled complaint of distress from scarcity begins to be heard. In answering the question as to how long this state of affairs has been in existence, we must rely on contemporary writers, on traditional information and on such relics of the past as may now remain to tell their ancient tale. As the period of Indian prosperity in classic times would be considered as prehistoric or puranic which has come to mean mythical, pure and simple,* and may have therefore but a doubtful value I would refer to her condition a few centuries ago. That it is the barbaric pearl and gold of the East and the plentiful agricultural products of India of various kinds that attracted the attention of the early Arabs, and afterwards of the commercial nations of the West is quite familiar to us and needs no argument or testimony. Contemporary writers speak of extensive cultivation—not an inch of cultivable ground being left fallow—active industrialism and of the peace and contentment that marked private and public life in India. The various wars in which India found herself engaged ever since the first Mussulman invasion had disturbed the industrial, religious and the philosophic pursuits of life and brought about an era of mediæval darkness. This we sometimes mistake to be our normal condition, and compared with it, our present seems so dazzling as to blind the real situation. This is a caution which no student of India should fail to keep perpetually in view and would, when truly interpreted, speak volumes for the

vitality displayed under circumstances which perhaps would have entirely undone a less strongly based and scientifically ordered society. Even in regard to these times the contemporary writers of the centuries that have recently passed speak too, of the great hospitality among both princes and people. And hospitality one does not always expect to find in countries that are markedly poor and where each sect and each man in that sect is engaged in a death-struggle with every other as it unfortunately is in India.

But have the last century or one or two centuries previous thereto, been a period of depression all the world over? Apparently not. The Kaliyuga seems to be for us alone. For other countries it has been the reverse. "Far from there being any ground for such a despondent view in the United Kingdom, the progress made by the working classes during the last fifty years has been so remarkable that their future is full of hope. The statesmen of Europe are not disposed to neglect the interests of the labouring classes; on the other hand, in proportion to their advancement in general education they are invited to exercise a substantial influence on the Government of the country. They are no longer the dumb, helpless and down-trodden multitudes that they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They have grown to a full consciousness of their rights and power; they have been educated and know how to co-operate, organise, and save. As the result of the marvellous changes that have taken place in the condition of the poor, we find at the bottom of the social scale an almost continuous decrease in the proportion of paupers since 1855. The wages of almost all classes have greatly risen and their purchasing power is greater. The savings banks deposit and depositors show a progressive increase which is striking. The houses in which the masses of the people live are better and continually increasing in value; the conditions of life are more healthy and refined and continually tend towards improvement. The hours of labour are much less and tend towards further reduction; the conditions of work have been greatly improved and education, amusement and recreaction are provided for the people on a greatly extended scale. Nay, at last, we have the rising school of orthodox political economists in England already beginning to question whether poverty itself may not be abolished and whether it is necessarily any more a permanent human institution than was slavery." The above are the words of Mr. Benjamin Kidd. This

progress is no less marked in France, Germany and Russia. Thus then pauperism at the bottom of the social scale in Europe is steadily diminishing; that is the verdict of British statisticians like Sir Robert Giffen. Pauperism at the bottom of the social scale in India is steadily increasing—that is the verdict again of British Indian administrators like Sir James Lyall.

If any should ask what are the objective signs of that poverty and material depression that could be pointed to, I would briefly enumerate them, no elaborate description or explanation of course being possible now. First, the ubiquitous struggle for occupation, (2) Increasing tendency to litigation not only without proportionate increase of external trade, but with considerable decrease in internal trade, (3) Famines in food-producing India in spite of the fast means provided for conveying food from one place to another such as railways, steamships; whereas non-producing countries suffer from no such dearth, (4) Plague and pestilence in spite of the most up to date preventive and curative methods, (5) Great decline in strength and number of domestic animals like cows, bulls, sheep &c., which form the most valuable and life-sustaining property of men (6) Extinction of the better breed of horses. Indian dogs are now called contemptuously country dogs without a thought that they must be so when fed by natives who are themselves struggling for food. (7) The decline in strength, proportion, beauty, character, duration of life and intellectual sturdiness as opposed to short-lived brilliancy, (8) Gradual inability to keep up in proper condition, temples and other national institutions, (9) Decline of the country's religion, (10) Blindfold imitation in every thing, in customs, manners, games, dress, social and political ideals etc., due to the weakening of the national intellect, (11) Gradual lessening in value of human life, the loss of a member or section of Indian society being no more felt by the general body politic than that of a finger or toe whose sensation has been completely paralysed and function abolished. (12) Increasing value of lands and property with a corresponding decrease in the power of retaining, maintaining and buying (13) Increasing tendency to crime.

That these are among the many signs of real national decay will be clear from the spirit of the extract just quoted which shows that the gradual removal of these conditions constitutes in the minds of English economists, advancement in material prosperity. Therefore

advance on present lines can only mean continuance of present policies which means further retrogression. Advancement is not therefore the safest word for national guidance, but repair and restoration.

Our course as thoughtful Indians is clear. We must enquire into the causes and ponder over the means of remedying it. But in this enquiry let our watchwords be—"we sowed, we reap. As we acted, we should react. The causes are all in us; so is the remedy. None is to blame if the present is not satisfactory. Still less is any to blame if the future should promise to be no improvement over the present. "The determining powers of our destiny are not physical forces nor chance nor kismet nor necessity, those gods mostly of our own making, on whom we cast the responsibility for the consequences of our actions. Man is man and master of his fate." Let us with this warning then turn our minds to the early condition of India where from the evidence just adduced, things seem to have been appreciably better and glance over the changes that have gradually led up to the present.

The greatest fact of history of national significance to India within the latter half of this millenium is the breaking of its comparative isolation which began as we all know, towards the close of the fifteenth century, if we leave out of account for the present the early trade relations of the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Arabs. All these latter day nations mostly came to exchange their goods for our agricultural produce. With the permission cheerfully given by the Indian kings to do so, they made settlements and started their commercial dealings. It was then expected that no section of the society at home would do anything that would prejudice the interests of their brethren in that society, that when industrial produce was exchanged, it would be only such as was not locally procurable or manufacturable and even then only in return for other industrial produce locally made, and that in any case, only such agricultural produce, food or raw materials, would be sent out as may be the real surplus after full and proper distribution and consumption at home. Had we only kept this in view, connection with foreign nations would not have been disastrous to any; but fertile of unalloyed advantages to all concerned and all the benefits of international trade would have been ours. "Every community" Mr. Nicholson says "will produce for itself and other countries that

in which it has the greatest relative advantages and on the whole there will be, by international trade a great return to the aggregate productive powers of the world and for the same return as before, there will be a less expenditure of labour and effort and the real increase of wealth or leisure to be divided between the various trading nations will be much more." But we did not keep sight of these principles long but went in for indiscriminate foreign purchases and allowed one industry after another to die without providing equally remunerative and suitable work for those that were dislodged. In the anxiety to make greater profits, the producers of raw materials gave up local custom and when the latter died as they must, they found themselves at the mercy of foreign industrials who dictated their own terms, so much so that the production of raw materials by Indians has ceased or nearly so on any large scale. All these of course affected food-production directly or indirectly, and the position of the agricultural classes became an unenviable and precarious one. It is under a disturbed situation like this that public service appeared on the horizon and offered to give relief which was no more scientific or permanent than famine relief as a remedy for India's economic paralysis. The army and the police take a large number. The English language was gradually introduced into schools to qualify persons for clerical and other appointments. Not only did these people, actually dislodged from their occupation, take to public service but the assured income which it meant in the disturbed state of society, attracted even the other persons who had still left to them some means of livelihood. The fictitious honor and dignity expressive of power which among a weak and struggling people soon attached themselves to Government service operated as a further bait for the abandonment of such independent ways of labour as still remained. A new turn was given to the course and object of education. Its original aims and ideals were forgotten. Under the system of education which made the civilization of Ancient India possible a knowledge of the three R's or primary education was alone given to all. Further education was only in each one's art. In every detail of thought and teaching the principle of subordination to a common end, viewed from the standpoint of the family, society, nation or the entire manifested existence was carefully kept up. And the working itself was so arranged that each person in a family, felt that he lived for every other, that each family cared for the well-being of others, that no

society acted prejudicially to the interests of another, and that the policy of one nation did not prejudice another directly or indirectly. But now these ideals were forgotten and in the struggle for existence every person aspired for the public service: and the necessity for re-establishing the old avenues of labour whose closure it was that rendered this crowding at the gates of public service necessary, did not occur to the view of any. The result is that education has gradually begun to be synonymous with English education and an educated man has begun to denote an English literature man only, be his real education what it may. We do not care to understand whether the gradual substitution of a language is good or bad in the long run and whether it is possible for a nation, however favourably circumstanced and however actively helped by a paternal Government, to cope in thought, word and deed with a nation which has been trained and educated in its own language. It may be said that English education alone affords a common means for the discussion of national questions and that but for it political congresses or the social and the industrial conferences would have been impossible. Perhaps so. But I am not at all for giving it up. On the other hand I am for cultivating to the fullest extent the language to which the culture we represent in varying degrees is due. Only I wish to see if possible the nation in general spared the labour of acquiring a new language to the extent that the vernaculars may be made to serve by the necessary supplementing of words from other languages such as Sanskrit and English and by the enriching of its literature by translation of important books of other nations. I even venture to think that if the educated Indians had received all their high education at which they have toiled for many laborious years, in the language of their own and not exhausted their energies physical and mental in the acquisition of proficiency in a foreign language which we do not hear or speak when we have left our schools for home after the day's work, we would have been sturdier intellectual men and have had much greater clearness of vision and resoluteness of purpose than now. Officers, Vakils and clerks who have had the opportunity to study all they know only in their own vernacular or who did not begin English study till their minds had already grown and developed to some extent with the aid of their own vernaculars, have, I think, among them a larger proportion of able and keen-sighted men than those who have had the additional labour of

language acquisition. I can think of many now living. But to name one of our community that has passed away, I would refer to the late Mr. Kavalam Neelacanda Pillai who, without any English education, was so well-informed and keen-sighted as to command intellectual respect of a high order.

A nation, it must be anxiously kept in view, develops in mind in proportion to the development of its language. In language are enshrined the thoughts based on the accumulated past experience of a nation and their social habits and customs and traditional sentiments. No special language is necessary for a nation to learn the arts of industry or to be familiar with the methods of trade. To make a foreign one, therefore, the vehicle of mass education, of even the education, necessary for all, except of the very higher grades of public service is, obviously a waste of material resources and physical and mental energy which the nation can ill afford at present. It would in effect mean the cutting off of a nation from its ancient veins of thought, which form its invaluable legacy, and to leave it to take on new ones as best as it could. When thoughts die, words and deeds die too. The transition from one stage to the other is like all other transitions full of difficulties and disadvantages and dangers. The faculties of free expression, discussion and reasoning decline. Free-will and judgment die. Like a fish thrown out of water a nation gets paralysed when it is taken out of the ocean of one language and placed in another. In the struggle for individual existence we find no opportunities or leisure to study our own literature which, it will be admitted, is not much behind others in its social and religious ideals, much less to enrich and bring it up-to-date, and so it has been neglected and almost forgotten. Not only that, some of us naturally are led to infer that our literature must be worth nothing except as part of a classic museum and that this is why we are educated in the English language; many further think as a corollary that but for it we would have remained a very primitive specimen of humanity. Along with our literature, our social and religious ideals, our customs and manners have lost their charm. Even among friends and relations and beggars at our door, the knowledge of English seems to be a special recommendation. In short as we get Anglicized in thought, word and deed we loathe every thing Indian. A person drinking brandy or whisky is not supposed to be such a great *Pathitha* or a fallen man as one that

takes toddy or arrack. This is our national self-respect in practice, whatever be our vaunted theories and pronouncements! We have practically divided our nation, our affection and our sympathies into two portions, dissimilar in ideals, sentiment and thought, English and non-English. We do not see readily the power of language and the danger of effacement of an old one, however limited it be in scope. It is a matter of common observation that sympathy sooner develops between a Hindustani Brahmin and a Mussulman than between the former and his Tamil or Telugu brother. Except for the purposes of the public service whose requirements are regulated by considerations which need not concern those that would live on self-dependent labour and for the sake of those classic scholars and statesmen who have to be teachers of the nation and have to sit formally or informally in the councils of the Empire, it is, I repeat, unnecessary to adopt a language other than the one in which all our progenitors have spoken, thought, written and by their writings made a living tomb, a veritable *Samadhi*. There was a time when no Hindu would hear the English language, and I have a friend of mine, at the present moment, a very cultured but unassuming orthodox kind of gentleman who still has honest scruples to learn the English language formally.

"Utter not an allien tongue even with the breath that has reached the throat on its final exist" is the command which stays him from such an endeavour. Like many other ancient injunctions and prohibitions the dictatorialness of the order shows the principle involved and the far-seeingness of the same. It is silly to look upon it as a meaningless superstition or as showing in the opinion of the ordinance-maker, that the pronouncing of a *Yavana* or foreign word would bring on the utterer lasting religious demerit. It only shows that we, their up-to-date, grandiose descendants, have yet to fully learn and thoroughly realize what great disaster must be expected if the tiniest germ of language substitution be admitted, what great events from trifling causes spring. But what a striking contrast has now come over! We, from prince to peasant, train our children in the English language and let them loose in the battle-field of public service candidature to fight, envy and betray each other and perhaps pray to God, in the bargain, to lessen the competition by inducing disease and expedite prize-winning by invaliding or otherwise disposing of those that stand

along and above. If in Travancore there are thirty lakhs of people but only one lakh of appointments of all kinds and grades, public and private, are we not seeking to curtail our population to that one lakh ultimately, if all the thirty lakhs or a goodly portion of them educate themselves for it and seek to get into it by hook or crook? As an esteemed thinker whom I shall not name for the present has often told me, we have in this public service created a *Musalam* in a *Yadavakulam* and that this *Musalam* must exterminate us if we do not look sharp and throw off the illusion. Develop your industries. Attempt no revolution in respect of men or methods. Invest your money with your industrial classes and buy of their produce being satisfied for the time with their finish and their cheapness. Here alone does your safety lie.

In the observations I have made I have perhaps, drawn too lurid a picture. But it is not to create a sensation; nor has it any right to engender any fear or despair. I only want my brethren to realise as the responsible leaders and would-be leaders of national thought, speech and action, the real position in which we now are. Diagnosis is half the treatment. And when we have made a satisfactory diagnosis, half the problem is solved. Only we have to be discriminate in thought, discriminate in speech, and and discriminate in action. Of course I have far from exhausted all the chief aspects of the national problem and could not possibly do so in the course of an article even if I wished or could. I have only attempted to give a sample; but I venture to think a fairly illustrative one. I would therefore conclude this portion of my article with a description of some of the lines along which we may act towards national rehabilitation.

We should arrange to propagate among the people by means of lectures and through preaching the highest social, religious and universal ideals, and the rights, duties and concessions of the several socio-economic divisions of the Indian national union as caste. In this connexion a few remarks on the question of questions *viz.*, the Indian caste system, may not be out of place. Let us see what is the ideal that caste represents and whether there is any justification for arranging our activity in consonance with that ideal. To place the subject in rather bold relief I would work at an analogy between society and the animal organism. A protozoon, we know, represents the lowest form of animal existence. In that

condition the whole of its body sees, the whole of its body hears, I mean such rudimentary seeing and hearing as is possible in that stage and the whole of its body eats and moves. If this protozoon is cut into a number of pieces, each piece can live as a separate entity. This condition is comparable to that of primitive society where each man has to perform all the social functions for finding his own wearing apparel and his own crude spiritual solace. In the fully developed human being on the other hand each physical function is centralised in one organ. Seeing is centralised in the eye, hearing in the ear, walking in the legs and so on. And if one is cut off it must at once cease to live. So is it in regard to a society with its clearly defined and scientifically arranged hereditary occupations, and it is evident that that is the ideal which all societies must have in view as the ultimate state of perfection to be reached. If from any cause we have left off that ideal which we once had, we must retain a clear view of it as we cannot otherwise weigh our thought word and deed accurately in the balance *i. e.* discriminate *Karma*. If this arrangement of Indian society is remembered, each caste like each organ in the body cannot but work for the interest of the whole. The is the way of creating union, this is the way of adjusting human activity in concert with nature which emphatically asserts order and harmony over everything. When we began to give up our respective social functions we snapped asunder this tie of unity. The diversity of external form established for the protection of the whole body by preventing direct and indirect encroachment internal and external alone stood in ugly evidence and engendered feelings helpful for the destruction of the whole body. For instance, when a limb becomes functionally paralysed it becomes a burden to the body and we would then have an artificial limb rather than allow the natural one to continue to be a hindrance. So, when all the caste functions are thus disturbed each caste naturally wants to destroy every other. Now comes the short-sighted idea of self-preservation by each caste as if one caste or organ can live without the others. If the head is diseased it cannot help itself, it has to be ministered to by the other portions of the body. So is it in regard to caste. It is therefore the duty, in my humble view, of each caste or section of Hindu society to spend all its time, all its resources on the improvement of the other caste with a clear sense of the mutual necessity, duty and responsibility. This may seem

a counsel of perfection. But nothing short of it can be the ideal of him who would progress really and truly. There are in the world four kinds of workers.

1. Those who work for others at their own expense, which is only an apparent expense, for the whole world must soon work for him in return as a natural result of irresistible reason.
2. Those who work for others as well as for themselves.
3. Those who work for themselves at the expense of others.
4. Those who work in a manner so indiscriminate and so short-sighted as to harm both themselves and others in the long run. The first is godly, the second is human, the third is animal, and the fourth I will not say what.

Let us reflect and decide to which category of workers we should attach ourselves. At a time when, speaking in a broad sense, we have to include all races in India both native and European into one imperial whole, is it not absurd for the Hindu castes to fight each other, pull each other down and become the laughing stock of the world when they are all interested in this ancient land of the Vedas and Upanishads? A caste cannot by itself form a nation. For if it should attempt this, it will be like the head attempting to have the hands, legs stomach &c., engaged on it. In this attempt every one organ of the physical body or the body-politic will be acting against the duty and all duties.

The second point—this and all the succeeding ones being subsidiary to the first—is the development of native languages with the aid of Sanskrit and English. The translating activity of our Anglo-vernacular scholars should take a more abundanlty homeward direction. That is, translation of English into vernacular should occupy the first attention. All the important works of other nations relating to Religion, Philosophy, Science, Politics, Commerce, Trade and Industry should be translated and no patriotism can be higher, no national expenditure would better stand justified by public conscience than this. As a plea for literary Swadesism, to use a word which by its methods and its temper has unfortunately come into some disrepute, I might mention that through the adoption of the English language by the entire Indian population, an annual contribution of some crores of Rupees goes to other countries on account of books and periodicals. While thus we, poor

as we are, are helping with money the development of the intellect and literature of other nations we are doing little or nothing for ourselves in that direction. Under a system of national education in the vernaculars, the development of our languages and our literature and the creation of a literary professional class, as existing in the West, must come as matters of course. In this connection I may be permitted to refer to the only economic Malayalam magazine that has just been started in Calicut by one Mr. Manavikrama Rajah, Government Diplomate of commerce. It is aptly called *Lakshmi Vilasum* since through work of this kind alone can *Lakshmi* be worshipped and propitiated. From the two issues that I have read the journal seems to be an education in itself. I would commend it most earnestly to you, my Malayalam reading brethren, and take permission on this auspicious occasion to wish succes to the author on his most patriotic undertaking.

The third point that I would refer to is we must invest what little capital we have as far as possible with our depressed industrial classes. If other nations are investing their capital in our country, it is because they have exhausted all the scope in their own. The want of capital is often urged as an excuse for industrial inertia in India. If a portion of the money that we have invested in foreign banks could be utilised, the cry of no capital will not be heard with such great force. The investors among us are chiefly our noblemen, officials and vakils, who have obtained their wealth, ultimately from the Indian peasants and artisans! Certainly the whole of it need not go to support competing industries in foreign lands. Native banks and insurance agencies should therefore be opened and credit so organised as to serve both the lender and the borrower.

Having arranged to propagate correct social ideals, instituted a system of national education and organised capital and credit for helping our productive labourers, agricultural and industrial, we must learn to buy of one another which as Mr. Chamberlain said the other day is the secret of efficient national life. If in the early stages of our resuscitation we insist on a high standard of quality or temptingly cheap rates of value, we are only putting the cart before the horse. We are only placing those we want to help *i. e.* ourselves practically in the position of a child who could not get into water till he had learned to swim but could not, at the same time, get one to teach him the art of swimming on land. As our industrial

concerns develop in size and strength, the finish and price of our articles would become more and more advantageous. In the meanwhile, we must, like a loyal patient, observe some regimen or make some self-denial. The excess value of our articles, we must find, by cutting our extravagance short in the consumption of foreign machine-made goods if we cannot organise funds to subsidise them. Viewed from the pure economic aspect apart from the political aspect with which it has unfortunately got mixed up lately, the Swadeshi movement is a move towards national self-preservation. But it must not be of a violent or unfriendly kind lest it should lack not only strength but grace and good taste as well. The connection that India has had with the European people, political, educational or social, has been of the most beneficent kind, of a kind such as to make even the most economic pessimist proclaim it a godsend; and if we in our ignorance of social duties and responsibilities choose to act indescriminately, we have ourselves to thank. Slaming others for the fruits of one's own acts does not become a Vedantic nation like ours. If European contact has from our own incapacity for adjustment affected us prejudicially in any manner, it is the spirit of enlightenment and freedom with which Western civilization is synonymous and the sway of undaunted reason which is really Britain's glorious sway that have made a renaissance such as it is possible, either in word or deed. Anyhow, the principle of Swadesism is no economic fallacy under the present conditions of India whatever it may be absolutely speaking and if the partition of Bengal about which so much angry protestation has appeared in public print, is responsible for India's industrial re-awakening in a practical form, let us wish for that province an unfailing crop of misfortunes now and for evermore.

Fifthly, there is foreign travel for which among so many other things our forefathers have received the usual exparte condemnation and censure by us, their wiser children. Foreign travel certainly had its uses and did exist for the Indians from every ancient times. Without it, where was their commercial prosperity? How else did the West receive its first civilising mission from the East? There was also the subsequent prohibition and that was ordered when India was in the heyday of her splendour and was presumably intended to prevent commercial strife by foreign exploitation. What a great lesson this for the short-sighted industrialism of the West

which, with its over-production by machinery finds no other alternative than to prey on the hand-producing countries of the world and grant the inevitable reaction that must be harmful to themselves in the long run. Now when emigration to foreign lands as coolies has became a recognised mode of popular activity or rather food-struggle, prohibition against foreign travel may perhaps serve to stay the drain of its population and keep at home at least such as may feel susceptibility to such a restriction. But under a condition of well-arranged society with industrial and other walks of life provided for all and with the unrighteousness which is really another name of unwisdom or prolification at other people's expense jealously avoided, foreign travel for individual purposes was not necessary. Though I am not even now for tearing society by forcing on it foreign travel for purposes of individual advancement especially in the case of Brahmins and others against whom the presumption still stands to some extent, our people should certainly go out on commercial and on other national missions as other nations do. If a select number of cultured and fairly experienced men could be sent out to foreign countries to study their social and political life, and record at first hand the economic conditions of these countries, their ways of living, their manners and customs and a batch of post-graduate national students, as I would call them, be kept uninterruptedly on duty, it will be of great value to the country that sends them out and will fully warrant the expenditure of the nation's money.

Lastly, but most important of all, we should bear in mind that the application of these and other principles of which there are of course many must be gradual. If India is in any respect not so high up as it once was, the fall is not the work of a day, but at least of a number of decades. To climb up will certainly take as much time as to slide down, evidently much more. But the commencement of cultivation cannot be put off till the morning of the harvest day; what is first necessary is spade work. The chief facts and figures of our national situation should be taught to all the people by means of lectures in the vernacular throughout the countr y. The people should be further educated in the facts and figures of other countries and in the method by which they became great and have remained great. Having done this we must select the proper seed and sow. Making full allowance for the necessity of periodical.

adjustment in regard to social rules and the techniques of domestic and personal life I must deeply deplore the tendency sometimes observed towards tracing all the ills that India is heir to to the so-called caste tyranny, the injunction against widow-remarriage and the prohibition against foreign travel. These have existed long before our material decline began. No institution great or small gained a footing in the personal, social or political life of the world except as a result at least a by-product of national evolution and must have stood therefore justified by the principles and the sentiments prevalent at the time of its origin. No customary rules or practices need therefore be despised simply because they are old and may even seem unique. All that is new is not good. And even in a country or among a people otherwise the most approved, judged by the most up-to-date standards, if what is called a survival is visible, it should not be flouted and treated as a murderer that has been so long evading the gallows. It should, on the other hand, be welcomed as a millenarian who has managed and probably deserved to live out so long. The secret of such a marvellous survival should be reverently studied, useful lessons deduced and taken to heart and any difficulties felt by him in still prolonged living should be removed, if his fitness to live is accepted openly or tacitly. In connexion with the so-called tyranny of caste law and its annoying obnoxiousness to the social reformer I earnestly wish it to be remembered that the cohesion of the group is well worth the sacrifice of a few and that the outraging of customs and the breaking of conventionality without strong and universally accepted reasons are at all times and in all countries anti-social and have really hindered progress rather than helped it. For effecting reforms for good in society or elsewhere, religion or politics all but those within the house of Bedlam would be welcome. But we should not be deserters. We must feel that we belong to our people and must take them with us. Otherwise we are splitting our nation, we are weakening ourselves and paving the way for mutual extermination. There is no use in trying to ease our conscience by saying that "I have tried my best to take them with me." But they are so stupid, they are so obstinate, they will not march forward and I cannot tarry. If it is truth that we say and if we know how to tell it, all men must in the nature of their constitution, surrender themselves to it. But if they do not, we have no excuse for hasty or desperate action. We have

to take it as showing that either what we said is not truth or that we have not hit upon the most effective way of saying it."

With a God who is all love and whose power and wisdom are in servitude to this love no mistake can be made; no accident can happen; while with a soul vigorous with the seeds of eternal life, there must ever be an upward look, the onward movement and the crown and consummation of life. No good Karma is ever followed by bad results. *Na hi Kalyanakrit Kaschit Durtim tata Gachhati.* So says the Divine Teacher Lord Krishna, and Browning the great apostle of hope echoes sentiments more or less similar. "There shall never be one lost good; what was shall live as before,—The evil is null—is naught—is silence, implying sound. What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more; on the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven, a perfect round.

N. SUBRAHMANYA AIYAR.

THE NATTUKOTTAI CHETTIES.

THE study of Ethnography is increasing in popularity, partly from curiosity, mainly because it is believed that a knowledge of the history of the human races will throw light on the relations of the various races to each other, increase the feeling of fraternity between them, and throw light on the future destiny of the different nations. It is equally important, however, to try to understand the distinguishing characteristics that various communities have developed and exhibit at the present day. We propose to speak of a community small in itself with no traditions of a long past and with no proud ancestry, but one which in recent times has developed many qualities tending to progress and achieved for itself a high and honorable position in the Hindu polity. The Nattukottai Chetties (also called the Nagarttars from their being the members of nine *Nagarams* or *tonships*) who form the theme of this short paper are Sudras by caste. They are to be found only in the Madura District and in the territory of Puducotta. Those who profess to know, say that they are not *saeh* Sudras that is high class Sudras but belong to a low grade. It is of very little consequence to enquire whether this theory is correct or not. By their energy, industry and liberality the Nattukottais have succeeded in winning and maintaining a position hardly inferior to that of any other sect of Sudras in Southern India and perhaps in all India. It may without fear of contradiction be stated that with the exception perhaps of the Parsis they are the class possessing the highest degree of business capacity. About ten years ago a prominent member of that class told me that his community numbered ten thousand people in all and that the aggregate property they possessed was estimated at ten crores which gives an average of ten thousand rupees for each individual. We doubt whether there is any other community which can show a higher degree of average wealth. They can be hardly said to be a mercantile class for but a few of them are devoted to trade in the proper sense of the term. Their occupation is mostly money lending. Recently, we are glad to say, they have turned their attention somewhat to commerce. They do not care for agriculture yet. They have only just begun to cherish a desire for the possession of landed property. Yet we believe the progress both of commerce and of agriculture in Southern India depends largely on them. They are capitalists, they are energetic

cautious and business-like. And the day when we can induce them to devote themselves earnestly to the advancement of trade and agriculture will mark the beginning of an era of real solid progress in those directions. Let us examine the chief features of the life and character of these people which have raised them to so high a position amongst their brethren.

The first and chiefest aim of a Nattukottai Chetty is to make as much money as possible. He does not regard usury as a sin. As a little boy of ten or twelve he begins to apply himself to business, learns accounts and attends the shop of his father. As soon as he marries, his father gives him a separate home or rather compels him to live separately though often in the same house as his parents. This makes him self-reliant and produces in him a desire to save as much money as possible. He is given a certain allowance out of the paternal estate but if he spends more he is debited with the excess amount. Every one consequently tries to increase his stock of individual savings. Even the women earn money in a variety of ways. Every rupee saved is laid out at as high an interest as possible. It is commonly stated that a rupee laid out at the birth of a child at compound interest at 12 per cent will amount to one lac of rupees by the time that he attains the age one hundred. I have not made the calculation myself but am assured that the statement is correct. The habits of a Nattukottai Chetty are very simple and his living very cheap even when he is rich. So strict are the Chetties in pecuniary matters that if a relation visits them he gets only his first meal free and if he stays longer is quietly debited with the cost of his stay. The business of a rich Chetty is carried on by an agent who as a rule is employed for three years. The ignorance of the vernacular language of the place of trade does not deter a Chetty from going out as an agent. He is allowed to make the best of his opportunity by being permitted to draw the greater portion of his salary, generally two-thirds of it, at the beginning of his engagement. He is thus able to invest it and increase it substantially before the period of his service is over. The remaining third of his salary he draws at the end of his agency and if it has been successful he is generally given presents of considerable value by his master. A noticeable rule is that no agent can take his wife or children with him when he goes out on business. It is apprehended that they will be an encumbrance and a source of distraction.

He is expected to devote himself solely to the business of his principal. In consequence a Chetty generally, after his return, stays a year in his own place devoting himself to social amenities and perhaps doing a little business on his account in his native place. At the expiry of the year he takes up another agency for a similar period of three years, his increased efficiency enabling him probably to command a larger salary than before.

Another feature of the members of this class is their mutual confidence and the spirit of combination that inspires them. Very seldom indeed does a Chetty engage as his agent any one other than a Chetty. The agent usually has a general power of attorney and is entrusted with very large discretion in the management of the business. This confidence is very rarely abused, and the agent generally succeeds in pleasing his master. In lending large amounts they generally combine together so that the loss, if any, in a transaction does not fall heavily on any one. The loan is advanced in the name only of one firm but it is very seldom that there are not partners where the amount is large. They are cautious in their business but the habit of combination makes it possible for them to enter into large speculations of a risky nature. They take bottomry bonds and take up various kinds of speculative business. Unlike other Hindus they are enterprising and go freely to foreign countries. Their business extends not only to the whole of India, Siam, Burma and Ceylon but to Singapore, Malacca, Hongkong and even Japan and Natal. They went over to Burma almost in the wake of the conquering British army, establishing a large business there soon after the country had settled down under the English flag. Yet they are conservative in spirit, and not one of them has yet gone to England or any European country although they are fully conscious of the advantages of trading directly with merchants in the West without the instrumentality of foreign merchants here. They are afraid that it will be difficult to live in England according to the observances of their caste. They are also deterred by their ignorance of the English language though they confidently go to Eastern Asiatic countries without knowing a word of the language of the country to which they go. As we have already observed they are slow to take to trade in general though their attention is turning in that direction gradually.

The Chetties are believed to be the most charitable class in Southern India, and undoubtedly they spend the largest amount of money on charity. They set apart a fraction of their profits for charity. They levy rates amongst themselves for local charities wherever they go. The income obtained from these rates is generally spent on temples. In new places like Ceylon, Burma, Singapore they build new temples generally dedicated to Subrahmanya Swami. In India itself they establish festivals in existing temples and undertake the repair of temples. Immense sums have been spent by them recently in the renovation and restoration of ancient temples. We should not be surprised to be told that the amount spent within the last thirty years alone amounts to a crore of rupees. Being Saivites they do not generally care for Vaishnava temples. And even among Siva temples only such as have special sanctity and have been sung about by the *Saiva Nainars* or *Bhaktas* are patronised by them. They have devoted large sums also to the establishment of comfortable choultries, feeding houses, Vedic and recently also Sastraic *patthasalas*. They have established schools for the education of the *Kurakal* or the priestly class. And in fact every charity of the orthodox Hindu type finds generous support among them. If their liberality were devoted in more economical directions. in the development of the industries of the country and in the improvement of agriculture then indeed would the land begin once more to flow with milk and honey. We must observe that their charitable disposition does not prevent them from being strict and almost harsh in the enforcement of their uttermost rights against an unfortunate creditor. By their large benefactions to temples they have certainly succeeded in obtaining the foremost rank among Sudras. The rich Shanars of Tinnevelly and Madura would have done well to imitate them to obtain entry into temples instead of resorting to litigation to enforce doubtful rights.

The Chetties have been at any rate till recently remarkable for settling their differences out of court. The influence of the elders in preventing litigation is very strong. They conciliate the disputants as far as possible. And after reducing the difference between them to a minimum they often get their signatures to an award in which a blank is left to decide the still existing point of difference the disputants agreeing after putting in their signatures to the mediators' filling in the blank and deciding the dispute as they

choose. We are afraid that this spirit of give and take is now unfortunately diminishing and the arbitrament of the courts is more often resorted to than before. While settling their differences amongst themselves the Chetties have been notorious for taking a very large part in the quarrels of other persons. They lend money largely for litigation in consideration of very substantial profits in case of success. The result cannot but often be very unwholesome to the community in general, though it must be admitted that many an honest but poor litigant has owed to the Chetties his abilities to recover his property (in many cases very large property) unrighteously withheld from him.

We hope we shall not be misunderstood in reminding Chetties that with the increase of wealth comes increased responsibility; *noblesse oblige*. A high character must go hand in hand with the advancement of wealth. Unfortunately their education has not kept pace with their wealth, and some of them do not scruple to use their money to corrupt honest people, but fortunately there are signs of a desire to bring about a better state of things, and to improve the standard of education and of culture in the community.

We believe the prospects of the Nattukottai Chetty class are full of hope for themselves and the country in general. They have capital and enterprise. They possess business habits of a high order. No other class of people is so fitted to lead the party of progress in ecconomic, agricultural and industrial reform. By habit and tradition they are charitable and qualified to take apart in educational and charitable institutions on national and progressive lines. To do these things they have no doubt to educate themselves, to move in accordance with modern lines of progress. They must travel in Western countries and trade directly with the nations in the West. They must give their young men a thoroughly modern education, not to scramble for small salaries but to take a high place in all movements calculated to improve the condition of the people. The educated classes have high hopes of them and trust that the money which is now being sunk largely in unproductive charity will be applied in enabling India to move forward and take its right place amongst the nations of the world.

P. R. SUNDARA AIYAR.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE ANNUAL REPORT ON EPIGRAPHY by Mr. Venkayya, M. A., Officiating Epigraphist to the Government of Madras, is a very welcome addition to the very scanty literature on that subject and gives a lucid and interesting account of the operations of Department over which he presides with such conspicuous success. Hindus are twitted, in season and out of season, with being a nation of philosophers and they are supposed to be not competent to take up research work. Given fair opportunities, the Hindu can give a good account of himself in the field of research. During the year 1904-5, inscriptions were copied in more than ten Districts of the Madras Presidency and the inscriptions copied at several villages are registered in appendices A. and B. They are 596 in number including those copied in 1903-4 and omitted from the last year's Report. A note on the occurrence of gold in epigraphical records belonging to the pre-Mahometan period was furnished to the Director, Geological Survey of India. An article on the inscriptions in the Trichinopoly cave was drawn up for publication in the *Epigraphica Indica*. A paper entitled 'Irrigation in Southern India in ancient times' was submitted to the Director-General of Archæology for publication in his Annual. These are some of the special features of the work of the Department during the year. The more important of the inscriptions unearthed are noticed at some length in the body of the Report, and some of these refer to a few of the kings of the Pallava, Chola, Pandya and Vijayanagar dynasties. The Pallavas seem to have established their supremacy in several parts of Malabar in early times, and we have reasons to believe that there are several inscriptions in out-of-the-way hamlets in Cochin, Malabar and Travancore,—inscriptions which, if copied and deciphered, would throw a flood of light on many obscure parts of the history of the dim and the distant past of the land of Sri Sankaracharya and Parasurama. It is to be hoped that the Government Epigraphist would extend the operations of his Department to those parts of Malabar which contain inscriptions and lay students of history under obligations to him by placing before them a few of the materials out of which a history of the Province may be constructed and made available to the public. The Report under notice, unlike many Government Blue Books, is a very readable publication, and we beg to offer our congratulations to Mr. V. Venkayya on its excellence.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA. (Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., Cloth Bound, Price Rs. 2.)

In this age when materialism is preached from the platform and sometimes even from the pulpit, the publication of a work like the one under notice cannot but be considered a blessing and must therefore be accorded a warm welcome. When materialistic ideas are spread far and wide in the country, an occasional dose of spiritality cannot but do good. Indians have all but forgotten their old national and spiritual ideals, and this, we take it, is one of the causes why they have sunk to the lowest abyss of degradation. We have always to remember that man lives not by bread alone, though this latter he cannot afford to neglect. We must try to bring about a harmony between the two, and that way lies the salvation of our country and of our own selves. Bread cannot satisfy the higher self. We must have noble ideals, and it is from these that the higher self can derive its sustenance and nourishment. We have transcendental ideals in our religious and philosophical literature—ideals which have been lost sight of in the din and noise of war that reigned supreme in this land for several decades. The lofty ideals of the *rishis* and sages of India have been handed down to us as an heirloom from generation to generation, and we have been casting them overboard and learning to worship Mammon, little knowing that an earnest attempt at realising these ideals will be attended with prosperity both here and hereafter. It is only if the Hindus follow the spirit of the teachings of Sri Krishna and endeavour to do their duties according to the best of their lights that they can become a great nation and attain to something like their former greatness and glory.

Coming now to the work under notice, it gives us very great pleasure to be able to congratulate the publishers on their happy idea of publishing in book form a few selections from the speeches and writings of Swami Vivekananda who by dint of his abilities and intellectuality made himself the observed of all observes in the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago and who proved himself to be a worthy expounder of all that was noble and great in the religious and philosophical literature of Bharata Varsha. The volume opens with a brief but succinct account of the life of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, an account which cannot but be interesting to the reader. It also contains the Swami's stirring and spirited address delivered at the World's Parliament of Religions. Metaphysics in India, Re-incarnation, Immortality, Karma Yoga, Maya and Illusion, The Real and The Apparent Man, and Bhakti or Devotion are some of the topics dealt with in the volume. The book is well written, well edited and well published, and we can safely recommend it to our young men who cannot do better than to read, mark and inwardly digest its contents.